Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

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# THE VICTIM.

## A TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. Charles JOHNSON.

*Victima labe carens, & præstantissima Formâ*
*(Nam placuisse nocet) Vittis præsignis & Auro,*
*Sistitur ante Aras;* —— Ov. Met. Lib. 15.

LONDON,
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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO HER
GRACE *the* DUTCHESS.
OF
MARLBOROUGH.

*MADAM*,

THE following Play ſeems naturally to claim the Patronage of a Lady, for which Rea-

ſon no true *Engliſhman* will wonder that the firſt Perſon who occured to my Thoughts on this occaſion ſhould be the Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*.

Not all the Security we enjoy by our ſafe and honourable Peace, can make us unmindful of the Gratitude we owe to your Name. All the Bleſſings which have been procured for us by our late Treaties, are not greater, than what might have been expected from

from the long Courſe of the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Victories.

If we are at leiſure to cultivate the Politer Arts, if our Trade flouriſhes, if our Credit riſes both at Home and Abroad, if we have obtained a general Peace for our Allies, if the *Catalans* are obliged to us for our Protection, the *Germans* for our Faith, and the *French* for our Generoſity; who could have promiſed to themſelves leſs

Ho-

Honours and Advantages for their Country, from the many Glorious Campaigns and uninterrupted Succeſſes of our late Great General.

It has been often obſerved, that when the *French* have been worſted in the Field they have ſaved themſelves by Treaties; but ſuch are the conſummate Abilities of our preſent Miniſters, that the World is as much aſtoniſh'd at their Negotiations, as it

was

was before at the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Conqueſts.

There are indeed too many among us, who are apt to be affrighted at every thing that ſeems to threaten our Religion and Liberties; but why ſhould private Men believe themſelves in any Danger from the *Pretender*, when the Government is not apprehenſive of it? But this is certain, we have leſs Reaſon to be ſo, while He is ſtill living who has ſo often defeated

feated the Ambition of *France*, and broken its beſt concerted Meaſures.

Among the many eminent Virtues which I might here take occaſion of celebrating in your Grace, I ſhall only ſingle out that which I believe your Grace will be moſt delighted to hear mentioned, I mean that truly conjugal Friendſhip and Affection with which you accompany this Great Man in His Abſence from His native Coun-

Country, and ſhare with him in all the Cares and Inquietudes his Extraordinary Merit has brought upon him.

That You may have many Years in reſerve for your own mutual Happineſs, as well as for your Country's Good, is the hearty Deſire of every honeſt Man, and particularly of, Madam,

*Your* GRACE's
*Moſt Obedient and*
*Moſt Humble Servant*,

Cha. Johnſon.

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| A *Gamemnon.* | | Mr. *Wilks.* |
| *Achilles.* | | Mr. *Booth.* |
| *Ulyſſes.* | | Mr. *Keen.* |
| *Menelaus.* | | Mr. *Mills.* |
| *Arcas,* | Officers and Friends | Mr. *Rian.* |
| *Euribates,* | to *Agamemnon.* | Mr. *Bullock, jun.* |

## WOMEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Clytemneſtra,* Wife to *Agam.* | Mrs. *Knight.* |
| *Iphigenia,* Daughter to *Agam.* | Mrs. *Porter.* |
| *Eriphile,* Daughter of *Helen* and *Theſeus.* | Mrs. *Oldfield.* |
| *Ægina,* In the Train of *Clytem.* | |
| *Doris,* Confident to *Eriphile.* | |

*Officers as Guards.*

SCENE *the Port of* Aulis, *in* Bœotia, *a Incampment on the Shore; the Pavilion of* Agamemnon *at a Diſtance.*

TH

# THE VICTIM.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter* Arcas *to* Euribates, *who is waiting at the King's Pavilion.*

*EURIBATES.*

WHO's there?

*Arc.* A Soldier, and a *Greek*, *Euribates.*

*Eur.* Say what important Care has rais'd you thus
Before the Sun, do the Winds ſwell our Canvaſs,
Shall theſe Confed'rate Kings, whoſe valiant Bands
Lye here extended on the Strand of *Aulis*,
Leagu'd againſt *Troy*, ſhall they at laſt Embark,
And viſit like a Storm that Pride of *Aſia?*

*Arc.* No, no, all Sleep; the Camp, the Fleet is huſht,
Th' impriſon'd Winds without a Murmur reſt;
And not a Zephyr curls the drowſie Flood.
'Tis a dead Calm.
*Eur.* All reſt, but *Agamemnon*;
Diſtracting Paſſions rend his mighty Breaſt,
Alone he ſits, alone in yon Pavilion,
Suſtains his Grief, his Hands ſupport his Head,
A winking Taper only his Companion;
Which now and then juſt lifts a quivering Flame,
And darts a melancholly Gleam around:
Thy Heart would bleed to ſee him. Wert thou ſent for?
*Arc.* By his Commands, I wait thus early here:
But my Soul feels his Sorrows ere I know 'em.
Say what Afflictions have o'erta'en the King,
Whom I believ'd the happyeſt of Mankind?
—— The Gods with every Bleſſing crown his Hopes;
A happy Prince, a Father, and a Husband;
He Rules in Peace the fruitful Realm of *Argos*.
—— Does the Deſire of Power, Ambition fire him?
Lo, twenty Kings, our *Grecian* Empire's Chiefs,
Inrol their Royal Names to ſerve beneath him;
And ask his Conduct in this glorious War,
Their God in Arms, ſprung from immortal *Jove*.
*Eur.* Repeat his Glories, ſum his Bleſſings up;
Recount what late he was, and you ſhall ſee
From what a height this King of Kings is fall'n.
*Arc.* Was; is he not belov'd, rever'd by all?
*Achilles* courts his Friendſhip, young *Achilles*,
The Pride of Oracles, and Boaſt of Fate,
The Darling of the Gods, their promis'd Hero,
Impatient asks his Daughter *Iphigenia*,
And vows to light his Bridal Torch at *Troy*.
—— She too, the Joy and Wonder of all Eyes,
Doubly her Father's Joy, lives in his Heart.
I've ſeen the mighty Monarch drop his Sceptre,
While yet her Infant Years, her Infant Manners,

Fore-

Foretold her Virtues, and her Beauty's Progreſs.
I've ſeen him buſily employ'd, and pleas'd
To trifle with his Child; attend her Prattle,
And watch her artleſs Smiles; then graſp her hard,
And catch her to his Breaſt; while drops of Joy
Came ſudden from his Soul into his Sight,
And all reveal'd the Father.

*Eur.* Oh no more!
You touch his Grief —— my Heart is torn, to think
That *Iphigenia* was his Soul's Delight.

*Arc.* Is ſhe not ſtill the ſame? has not his Love
Increas'd ev'n as her Years; is ſhe not ſtill
Dear as his Glory? as his Fame unſully'd?

*Eur.* Attend, and you ſhall hear the mournful Cauſe.
—— You may remember, *Arcas*, when our Fleets,
Here ſummon'd by the Winds, hoiſted their Canvas,
The flattering Gales blew briskly from our Shores
To diſtant *Troy* —— while all the chearful Hoſt
Stood eager to Embark, and with loud Shouts
Proclaim'd their Hoſtile Joy —— when ſuddenly
Some Power unſeen recall'd the Breath of Heav'n,
The buſie Air was ſtill, the Waters ſilent,
The flagging Sheet clung to the ſturdy Maſt,
Our uſeleſs Oars weary'd the quiet Deep
In vain; in vain the hardy Seaman toil'd:
Our valiant Cheifs all upward turn'd their Thoughts,
To deprecate the Vengeance of the Gods.
Sage *Neſtor*, *Menelaus*, wiſe *Ulyſſes*,
Each offer'd at *Diana*'s Silver Shrine
Their private Vows, and begg'd a Wind for *Greece*;
King *Agamemnon* laſt approach'd her Altar,
He bow'd, and paid his Tributary Victim;
When lo; the Flame in a thick Cloud of Smoak
Was choak'd, the Altar rent, the ample Dome
Of the high Temple ſhook, the frighted Prieſts
Fled from their Charge —— *Calchas* alone remain'd,
And to the proſtrate King, with Horror dumb,

Thus ſpoke the Virgin Deity's Decree.
" You Arm againſt proud *Troy* theſe Powers in vain,
" Unleſs a mighty Sacrifice be ſlain;
" Unleſs a Daughter, ſprung from *Helen*'s Seed,
" On chaſt *Diana*'s holy Altar bleed.
" Would you recal thoſe Winds the Gods deny,
" Appeaſe the Gods; let *Iphigenia* die.
*Arc.* His Child!
*Eur.* The Fondling of his Soul, his Daughter.
*Arc.* Immortal Gods! how tranſient are our Joys!
They only ſerve to heighten our Misfortunes,
And give our Minds a quicker Senſe of Woe.
How did he bear this ſhock?
*Eur.* Ev'n as a Man.
Nature, at once Rebellious to his Will,
Fixt him a Statue on the Marble Pavement,
His Blood congeal'd; a dewy Sweat diſtill'd
From his pale Face——when thro' a thouſand Sighs
His broken Accents burſt——with thoughtleſs Rage
He curs'd his rigid Fate; then haſten'd hither,
Reſolving to diſmiſs the Troops; ſince that
The Conflict of his Paſſions racks his Soul.
—— Behold him, *Arcas*; ſee the King, the Father,
Alternately contending which ſhall Rule.

*Enter* Agamemnon *from his Pavilion; a Letter in his Hand.*

*Agam.* The public Policy demands her Life;
Shall I then Sacrifice my Child, or People?
They are my Children too; let private Int'reſt,
Let Nature's Call yield to the general Good;
But Nature will return; I am a Man
By human Paſſions ſway'd; I feel her Loſs,
And feel it as a Father, not a King.
*Arc.* Hail to the King of Kings, great *Agamemnon.*

*Agam.*

*Agam.* Yes, ſhe muſt die; *Ulyſſes* has my Word.
Hah; *Arcas*, do the Gods delight in Blood? [*To* Arcas.
*Arc.* Too deep Reflection wounds your generous Mind,
High Heav'n may yet Reverſe the dire Decree.
*Agam.* At firſt the cunning Stateſman ſooth'd my Rage,
And gave the Torrent of my Paſſion way;
But ſoon the artful Orator appear'd,
He repreſented me a King, a General:
Will you, ſaid he, grow old, and ruſt at Home,
In ignominious Eaſe doat on your Houſhold,
Or Reign a King; the Sovereign Lord of *Greece?*
——Oh I confeſs——with guilty Shame I own,
Charm'd with my Power, that mighty, ſounding Name,
The King of Kings, and General of *Greece*
Wrought on the haughty Weakneſs of my Soul.
——Yet more——the Gods in Dreams purſu'd my Mind,
There they reproach'd my ſacrilegious Pity,
And threaten'd to Avenge their ſlighted Altars;
——Thus vanquiſh'd by the Cunning of *Ulyſſes,*
And thus attack'd by Heav'n——*Euribates*;
Oh *Arcas*;——I reſolv'd my Child ſhould bleed,
I wrote to haſten her Arrival here
On this Pretence, that young *Achilles* preſs'd
To wed her here, before he ſail'd for *Troy.*
*Arc. Achilles*, fir'd with Love and juſt Reſentment,
Will never tamely ſee his Miſtreſs bleed.
*Eur. Achilles* then was abſent from the Camp,
To check a Neighbouring State's increaſing Pride.
All thought the War would coſt both Blood and Time;
But what can ſtop th' impetuous Hero's Courſe?
*Achilles* fought, and triumph'd, and return'd,
And late laſt Night rejoin'd our Troops in *Aulis.*
*Arc.* Has he yet heard the fatal Oracle?
*Agam.* I dare not tell him what the Gods decree.
On what ſhall I reſolve? inform me, *Arcas.*
——My Daughter comes; ſhe comes to meet her Father,
Her Father and her Lover——hapleſs Virgin!

She comes to meet inevitable Fate.
——I mourn not for her Youth, or that my Blood
Glides thro' her Veins——Ah no, my Friend, I mourn
Ten thouſand Virtues join'd; our mutual Love,
Her Piety for me——my Tenderneſs for her.
——No, no, I'll not believe it. Heav'n, thy Juſtice
Cannot approve this diſmal Sacrifice:
Thy Oracles would only tempt my Faith,
And my Obedience would be impious here.
*Arc.* Then how will you diſcharge your ſolemn Word,
Your Promiſe to *Ulyſſes*, that the Day
She here appear'd the Royal Maid ſhould die?
*Agam.* Therefore I ſent for thee, my faithful *Arcas*;
This Charge will both thy Zeal and Prudence prove.
Haſte to *Mycene*, ſtop my Daughter's coming,
Give *Clytemneſtra* this, and let her know
My Daughter muſt not yet prepare for *Aulis*.
Inevitable Death muſt meet her here;
If ſhe appears, no human Art can ſave her.
Haſte, ſave her from the Gods, Oh ſave her from her Father.
——Stay *Arcas*, let not *Clytemneſtra* know;
Hide from my Child and Wife the fatal Secret:
Hurt not their tender Minds with the ſad Tale.
Oh, *Arcas*, I am forc'd to feign Excuſes,
Why I revoke thoſe Orders which I gave;
Tell 'em, for ſo I write, the Son of *Peleus*,
*Achilles*, cools, and would defer the Rites
Of Marriage, 'till he comes from *Troy* victorious.
Tell 'em (ſo I pretend) the ſudden Cauſe
Of this quick Change, proceeds from a new Miſtreſs:
The fair *Eriphile*, his *Lesbian* Captive,
With a new Paſſion warms the Heroe's Heart.
*Euribates*, attend him, let him know
What better may be done, what further ſaid.
[*Exeunt* Eur. *and* Arcas.
But lo, *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes* entring.

*Enter*

*Enter* Achilles *and* Ulyſſes.

*Agam.* That you return, ſwifter than rapid Fame
[*To* Achilles.
Can bear your Triumphs on her loaden Wings,
I gratulate the *Grecian* State, and you
Her growing Hope-----Hail Son of mighty *Peleus!*
All *Theſſaly* is conquer'd or appeas'd,
And *Lesbos* new to Chains, a Virgin Conqueſt,
Beholds her youthful, her victorious Lord.
*Ach.* Unworthy Victory! they ſhamed our Arms,
Submitting to their Fears, and left our Valour
An idle Gazer only------yet ere long
A nobler Scene of Glory will appear.
*Troy*; *Troy*, with all her haughty Towers ſhall ſhake,
And *Hector*'s Check turn white, when he beholds
The looſen'd Winds drive on their promis'd Vengeance
Our fearleſs Bands——while the divided Waves
Yield to a thouſand Prows——But *Iphigenia*;
She, ſhe's the Warrior's Meed: I thank you, General,
That you prevent my Wiſhes; there's a Whiſper
Runs through the Camp which ſays, the Queen and Princeſs
Are on their Journey hither; my full Heart
Receiv'd the welcome News with Joy, with Tranſport!
*Agam.* What ſaid you? that my Daughter and my Wife
Are on their Way to *Aulis*, to this Shore?
*Achil.* To *Aulis*; wherefore are you thus ſurpris'd?
*Agam.* Good Heav'n, does he too know the fatal Secret?
[*To* Ulyſſes *aſide.*
*Ulyſ.* My Lord, the King may juſtly be ſurpris'd.
Is this, is this a time for Joy, for Love,
When a dead Sea ſtrikes Horror thro' our Camp,
Diſeaſes waſte the Soldier, angry Heav'n
Calls for Atonement, Sacrifice and Prayer?
And will *Achilles*, will the Son of *Thetis*,
When every Knee bends to the Gods for Mercy,

Will he alone reproach their pious Sorrow
With ill-tim'd Joys, inſult the publick Grief,
And give his Paſſions ſcope? —— Say, is it fit,
At ſuch a time as this, that *Agamemnon*
Urge on the publick Fate with Feſtivals?
—— Divine *Achilles*, yet reflect and feel
Your Country's Grief —— And then your Love for her,
Like mine for you, will chide your eager Joy,
And ſay 'tis out of Seaſon.

*Achil.* Wiſe Declaimer;
The Fields of *Troas*, and *Scamander*'s Flood,
Shall witneſs who's the better *Greek*, *Pelides*
Or talkative *Ulyſſes* — But till then
Load every Altar with a Sacrifice,
Open the bleeding Victim's Breaſt, there gueſs
The Reaſon of your Fears, there ſearch the Cauſe
Of accidental Ills, and raiſe new Doubts
With pious Frauds —— But, Sir, for me, for me,
Who neither know, nor care to know from Juglers,
My Joys or Fears, let me purſue a Marriage
That neither can concern the Gods nor you.
—— Yet think not that inactive I'll conſume
My ardent Youth; the Rites of Love perform'd,
Then I'll Imbark for *Troy*, and think I'm wrong'd
If any *Grecian* treads that Strand before me.

*Agam.* Why ſhould the Gods, if Gods can know no Envy,
Shut up their Seas, impriſon all their Winds,
And ſtop the burning Hero's Courſe to *Aſia*?
—— Yet ſo it is —— Princes, we muſt retire,
Each with his Royal Hoſt, and break this League;
'Tis vain, 'tis impious to contend, when Heav'n
Declares againſt us.

*Achil.* Ha! what ſays the King?

*Ulyſ.* What means our Chief? Valiant *Atrides* ſpeak.

*Agam.* Princes, we muſt retire —— Lead off your Troops,
The Winds too long have weary'd out our Wiſhes,
Abus'd our Hopes —— Heaven is the Shield of *Troy*.

The

The angry Gods, by numberleſs Preſages,
Forbid our Way to *Aſia*.
*Achil.* What Preſages?
What Omens ſhew the Anger of the Gods?
*Agam.* For that conſult the Gods; their Oracles
Declare your Life's the Price of conquer'd *Troy*:
Yes, *Troy* may fall, but the young Son of *Thetis*,
*Achilles*, in the very Spring of Youth,
Muſt pay the Purchaſe of ſo dear a Triumph.
*Achil.* And muſt theſe Kings, aſſembled to revenge
The Rape of *Helen*, to revenge your Wrongs,
In ſhameful Inactivity disband,
While *Paris* inſolently boaſts his Flame,
And unchaſtis'd enjoys your Brother's Wife?
*Agam.* Your glorious Heat anticipates the War;
Your Arms have doubly ſatisfy'd our Wrongs;
When ſwift, as the blue Fire or Bolt from Heav'n,
They ſpread their Horrors thro' th' *Ægean* Sea;
While the ſwoln Waters roll'd into the Ports
Of trembling *Troy*, the Wrecks of ruin'd *Lesbos*,
A ravag'd City and a Captive Beauty,
Have amply well aveng'd the Rape of *Helen*:
*Eriphile*, your Pris'ner, vainly ſtrives
To hide her noble Birth, her Silence ſpeaks her:
In ſullen Majeſty, with Pride ſhe mourns,
Her haughty Grief reveals what it would hide.
*Achil.* Your Arts, your Menaces are vain and weak:
'Tis true, the Fates foretold my Mother Goddeſs,
When ſhe receiv'd a Mortal to her Bed,
Her Son might either chuſe, with many Years
A Life inglorious, or Immortal Fame
And Death in blooming Youth.——Shall I deſcend
To count my Hours by the ſlow Waſte of Sands?
Shall I extinguiſh all I boaſt Divine
To ſave my Father's Part in me?——this Fleſh
——Away, away.——Let Oracles be dumb;
'Tis Honour calls, Honour's my Oracle;

The Hero's Soul knows no Command but Glory;
My Life's the Gods, my Honour is my own.
— – Why do we vainly vex our ſelves with Laws
And doubtful Tales from Prieſts —— To Arms, to Arms.
Our Anceſtors are Gods, let us purſue
The Paths their Virtue led —— ſhake off this Load,
Plunge into deathleſs Fame, and riſe Immortal.
—— Yet *Agamemnon*, 'tis reſerv'd for you;
The Action and the Glory ſhall be yours,
I only ask the Honour to obey;
Let us prepare for *Troy*, I'll ſtraight review
The ſick'ning Troops,
And with my Preſence raiſe their drooping Spirits.
[*Exit* Achil.

Agamemnon *and* Ulyſſes.

*Ulyſ.* You ſee he's ſtill reſolv'd to ſail for *Troy*.
His eager Heart pants after Arms and Glory;
Thirſty of Fame —— We fondly thought his Love
Would hold him back —— But Love inflames the Fire,
Provokes and animates his native Ardour.
*Agam.* Oh *Iphigenia*!
*Ulyſ.* Wherefore broke that Sigh?
Do you yet feel the Pangs of ſtrugling Nature?
Call up ſuperior Reaſon to your Aid,
Exert her Force, and looſe this Woman's Weakneſs.
*Agam.* Oh, 'tis a heavy Task, at once to ſtifle,
With our weak Reaſon, the ſtrong Throws of Nature!
Muſt I then ſee her bleed, and be deny'd
A Sigh, a Groan! I am a Man, *Ulyſſes*.
*Ulyſ.* Think *Iphigenia* is no longer yours;
By ſolemn Vows devoted to the Gods:
Think, when the *Grecians* know this Oracle,
And that you (doating on your Child) refus'd
To ſatisfie the Gods: Whatever Ills,
Whatever Plagues, or Heav'n or Nature ſends,

Will

Will all be charg'd on you; the Prieſts will urge it,
Call you their choſen Curſe, their impious Scourge.
Remember too your ſacred Honour ſuffers;
Honour, a Jewel plac'd in Crowns, to light
And animate Mankind to virtuous Glory;
Made to diſtinguiſh and adorn Deſert.
*Agam.* Your Heart, at diſtance from the Woes I feel,
Appears intrepid —— Make my Cauſe your own.
Suppoſe your Son *Telemachus* to bleed,
Behold the fatal Bandage round his Temples,
See the Prieſt leads him trembling to the Altar;
Your Child now weeps and turns his begging Eyes
On his hard Father——See the fatal Knife
Directed to his Throat——this dreadful Image
Should make you ſhudder at the Pangs I bear,
And melt your haughty Language into Tears.
——Enough of this——My fatal Word is given,
And if my Daughter comes to *Aulis* here,
Thus I confirm my Promiſe —— *She ſhall die,*
*Ulyſ.* See where the King of *Lacedæmon* comes;
Your Brother *Menelaus* comes in haſte,
And wears the Weight of Buſineſs on his Brow.

*Enter* Menelaus.

*Mene.* Chief among Kings, *Atrides,* valiant Prince,
All hail!——You have perform'd your ſacred Word.
The Queen and *Iphigenia* both are come:
They had arriv'd before, but that they wander'd,
Loſt in thoſe Woods which ſhade the Strand of *Aulis.*
*Agam.* Hah! what ſays my Brother?
*Mene.* In the Camp,
Your Daughter, and her Mother *Clytemneſtra,*
Receive the welcome Shouts of the glad Soldier;
And with 'em young *Eriphile,* the *Lesbian,*
Comes to Sollicit here her Deſtiny;
And know of our wiſe *Calchas,* who's her Father:

I think theſe Beauties have alarm'd us all,
For every Tongue is buſy'd in a Queſtion,
And every Eye is pleas'd with my fair Niece;
Some ask the Reaſon of their Journey hither;
While others Pray the Gods long to preſerve 'em;
But with united Voices they proclaim
Your Name aloud, call you their glorious King,
Their Leader to immortal Fame and Conqueſt.
Maintain your Character, and let 'em know,
Your People are much dearer than your Child.

*Ulyſ.* He is determin'd now, urge him no farther,
We'll haſte to *Calchas*, and prepare the Altar;
Our Chief declares, the Gods ſhall be obey'd.

*Agam.* The jealous Gods have thus ſecur'd their Vengeance,
And broke the ſecret Wheels of my vain Wiſdom.
Were I permitted to indulge my Grief,
With Tears they might relieve my ſwelling Breaſt;
Hard Fate of Kings, we are but Slaves in Purple,
Expos'd to rigorous Chance, while every Act
Is cenſur'd and condemn'd by vulgar Tongues,
Beſieg'd with Spies—— what an oppreſſive Weight,
Is ſmother'd Grief; how heavy at the Heart?

*Ulyſ.* I am a Father, Sir; I too confeſs
The weakneſs of fond Nature; now I feel
The Blow that ſhakes you------ſee, my ſwimming Eyes
Have catch'd the growing Grief from yours, and ſhed
Their ſocial Drops in friendly Conſort with you;
------Yes, while we may enjoy your mighty Sorrow,
Weep o'er your dying Child------we'll aid your Tears.
-------But what will Tears avail? no, let us ceaſe
This helpleſs Sorrow; let us mourn in Blood,
In *Phrigian* Blood—— Let *Hector*'s ſwelling Veins
Shed purple Drops——Think on your riſing Glory;
Behold our Ships o'er-ſpread the *Helleſpont*,
And whiten, with their Prows, the foamy Surge!
Behold proud *Troy* in Flames, her Citizens,
And haughty *Priam* bending at your Feet;

*Helen* reſtor'd, by you reſtord to *Greece*;
Our Navy now, crown'd with victorious Garlands,
Triumphant cut their liquid Way to *Aulis*;
While the bold Trumpets Ecceho to the Shores
Of diſtant *Greece*, great *Agamemnon* comes:
Fame will, from Age to Age, deliver down,
And keep alive in her eternal Records,
The never-dying Name of *Agamemnon*.

*Agam.* I yield——and leave to Heav'n the Care of Virtue:
Their Victim ſhall attend the dreadful Shrine;
Let *Calchas* yet preſerve the fatal Secret;
Oh, let not *Clytemneſtra* know her Child
Muſt die, cut off in the gay Morn of Life;
Hard Fate!—— are theſe my promis'd Hopes, my Joys!
Have I for this with Culture form'd her Mind?
For this alone, to loſe her in her Bloom?

The Floriſt thus, when Winter's Rage is o'er,
When Froſts and Snows, and Tempeſts are no more,
To the kind Soil commits the future Flower.
Now genial Heats unbind the teeming Root,
Swell it with Life, and make the Fibres ſhoot:
He ſees the riſing Vegetable rear
The tender Stalk, and truſt it ſelf in Air;
Now Weſtern Gales breath thro' the vernal Skie,
Unfold the Bud, and ſhew its various Die,
Secure, he views his Labour with Delight;
When unexpected, in one piercing Night,
His promis'd Joys are curs'd by a diſaſtrous Blight.

ACT

# ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter* Eriphile *and* Doris.

*Eri.* LET us begone, and while that happy Maid
Receives her Father's and her Husband's welcome,
While *Iphigenia*, that triumphant Beauty,
Poſſeſſes every Joy her Heart can wiſh,
Let me retire, thus covetouſly hoard
My mighty Griefs, and keep alive my Sorrows.
*Doris.* Why do you urge your cruel Memory,
Oh why provoke it to renew your Tears?
'Tis true, Captivity imbitters Life;
Yet when the Victor Homicide in Chains
Led you to *Argos*, then you ſeem'd to bear
Leſs heavily the weight than now; when Fortune
And lovely *Iphigenia* ſmile upon you.
*Eri.* Think'ſt thou 'twill mitigate my Pain, to ſee
All ſmiling Joy around, while I am fixt,
Amidſt this Happineſs, the Mark of Fate?
Nor have the partial Gods permitted me
To know who gave this Being to a Wretch.
And when I ask the dreadful Oracle,
When I wou'd ſearch the Source from whence I ſprung,
It tells me, I ſhall periſh when I know it.
*Doris.* All Oracles in doubtful Meanings hide,
Or in dark Myſteries obſcure the Truth;
Your Name, your Parents are alike conceal'd,
And you muſt wait 'till Time unravels all.
*Eri.* Thy Father, all the Witneſs I e'er had,
Wou'd never ſuffer me to ask my Birth.
But when my curious Tongue inquir'd too far,
In *Troy*, ſaid he, you'll find your Royal Parents;
There you'll retrieve your Family and Name:
But when I hop'd to viſit that fam'd City,

*Achilles*,

*Achilles*, the fierce *Mirmidon*, led on
His dreadful Troops, and ſack'd our trembling *Lesbos*.
And thus I only keep the pompous Name,
Of what I ne'er ſhall prove, a Royal Birth.
*Doris.* We both ſhou'd hate the Hand that gave the Blow,
The pitileſs *Achilles* — *Calchas*, Madam,
*Calchas*, who knows the Secrets of the Gods,
Will ſoon diſcover all that you can ask,
And *Iphigenia*'s Marriage with the Victor
Will both confirm and ſtrengthen your Protection.
*Eri.* Curſe on that Marriage! the ſwift Lightning blaſt it!
That, that, of all my Woes, ſits heavy'ſt on me.
*Doris.* How, Madam!
*Eri. Doris*, thou haſt ſhook my Soul;
Attend, and thou ſhalt hear my countleſs Griefs,
And be amaz'd I bear 'em all, yet live;
Captivity---my Parents loſt---my Country——
Thy Father's Death---ſit lightly at my Heart.
—— Deſpair and Love rack my diſtracted Soul.
Is there a Burthen, Maid, like hopleſs Love?
Yes this Deſtroyer of Mankind, *Achilles*,
This bloody Author of my Woes, with ſhame
I own is dearer to my Eyes than Light.
*Doris.* Tyrannic Love! where will this Paſſion end?
*Eri.* I thought to hide in everlaſting Silence
This weakneſs of my Soul —— But oh, my Heart,
Unable to contain the ſwelling Secret,
Thus breaks a Paſſage thro' my Eyes and Tongue.
Ask me not how, or where, my Hopes were founded;
Whether the Hero's Tenderneſs inflam'd
The growing Paſſion, when he ſooth'd my Cares,
And with Concern beheld my Chains and Tears.
*Doris.* When was your Heart firſt ſenſible of Love,
Tell me, how came the cruel Victor there?
*Eri.* Shall I recount the Horrors of that Day,
That dreadful Day, when the fierce Warrior's Sword
Unpeopled *Lesbos* —— Speechleſs, void of Life

Awhile I lay——But when my trembling Eyes
Return'd to Light——I ſaw the Victor's Hand
Had rais'd me from the Earth——He bad me ceaſe
To weep----the Fair (ſaid he) are ever ſacred.
I ſigh'd----and durſt not lift my Eyes, to ſee
His dreadful Face----his bloody Hand graſp'd mine;
He led me to imbark----yet ſtill my Eyes
Caſt down avoided the deteſted ſight;
At length I ſaw him, *Doris*, I beheld
This dreadful Soldier, then I ſaw *Achilles*;
But, oh, his Form had nothing terrible,
I found my Heart, my Tongue, my very Thoughts
At once conſpir'd, and took the Conqueror's Side.
Pleas'd; yes, tranſported with my Chains, I follow'd
My lovely Guide, my glorious dreadful Leader.

*Doris.* Then *Iphigenia* ſtill attempts in vain.

*Eri.* Yes, *Iphigenia* courts in vain my Friendſhip,
And loads me every Hour with hateful Favours,
She is my Hero's joyful promis'd Bride,
My happy Rival----all her Joys----are Pangs,
Are Daggers here, ev'n now they pierce my Heart.

*Doris.* How can your powerleſs Hate prevent this Marriage?
Had you remain'd within *Mycene*'s Walls,
You might have combated theſe ſtruggling Paſſions.
At leaſt, have ſav'd a jealous Heart the Pangs
Your happy Rival's ſight muſt hourly give.

*Eri.* A ſecret Impulſe carry'd me away,
Hurry'd by Fate I came----In hopes I here
Shou'd heal my Love-ſick Mind, and looſe my Sorrows:
Theſe hapleſs Nuptials will conclude my Fate.
If they ſucceed, *Eriphile* muſt die;
The ſilent Grave will hide my Love and Shame.
——No, *Doris*, no; they muſt not, ſhall not meet,
I'll ſtep between their Hymeneal Joys;
I'll part 'em——If Deſpair, or Jealouſie,
Or hopeleſs Love, have any Rage or Power.

*Doris.*

*Doris.* Compoſe your ſelf—— Behold the happy Father,
And the more happy Daughter, both appear.

*Enter* Agamemnon *and* Iphigenia.

*Iph.* Why will you leave me, Sir? Oh, cou'd you ſee
How ſatisfy'd, with what a full Content
My Heart enjoys your Preſence, you'd indulge,
Yes, you wou'd give a little to my Fondneſs:
Lay by awhile the weightier Cares of State,
And deign to waſte an Hour with *Iphigenia*;
But now you ſigh, and turn away your Eyes,
While thus with Joy I run to meet your Bleſſing.
Why are you alter'd thus? Or how have I
Offended, that I loſe my Father's Love?

*Agam.* My Child——I love thee dearer than my Life.

*Iph.* Here let me cheriſh, and with tender Care
Preſerve that Love; 'tis as the circling Blood
That beats in every Vein, my Warmth, my Health.
——But all Mankind are Rivals for your Love;
The *Grecians* æmulouſly ſtrive to raiſe
Your Fame, and place you in their higheſt Honours,
Their Princes all obey you; every Bleſſing
Attends your Wiſh unaskt, and I may now
Call you with pleaſing Pride my happy Father.

*Agam.* Daughter, you merit a much happier Father.

*Iph.* What is there wanting to your diſtant Wiſhes?
Your Fame, your Dignity ſtands high, unequal'd;
The brighteſt Glories that can grace a Throne
Are yours, the bounteous Gods can grant no more.

*Agam.* Which way ſhall I prepare her—— Oh ſhe ſinks
My Soul! her Tenderneſs unmans me; yet I muſt,
——I cannot ſpeak——

*Iph.* Why do you ſtop your Sighs?
You ſeem to hide with pain ſome riſing Paſſion.
Have we without your Orders left *Mycene*?

*Agam.*

*Agam.* You never diſobey'd me, *Iphigenia*;
Our Joys have always ſome alloy of Sorrow,
And Dignities are ever mixt with Cares.
*Iph.* You ſhall not know a Care while I am here;
Bluſh not to be a Father for a Moment.
What will the Princeſs ſay, this Royal Maid,
When ſhe beholds you thus neglect my Love?
Oft have I glory'd in my Happineſs,
And promis'd ſome Relief to fair *Eriphile*,
From *Agamemnon*'s Goodneſs and Protection.
How will ſhe take this cold Indifference?
Alas! ſhe ſees I have deceiv'd my ſelf
With flattering Hopes——
*Agam.* Oh Daughter——*Iphigenia*!
What ſhall I ſay----my labouring Heart will break.
*Iph.* Give me your Grief, my Father---let me feel
And ſhare your Sorrow, whatſoe'er it be.
*Agam.* Ye partial Powers!---Oh, give me Strength and Virtue.
*Iph.* Periſh th' adulterous Author of this War.
*Agam.* His Death will coſt the Conqueror ſome Blood.
*Iph.* The Gods for ever guard your ſacred Life.
*Agam.* The Gods, my Child, are deaf to all our Prayers.
*Iph.* But *Calchas* now prepares a Sacrifice;
They ſay that Sacrifice will make us happy.
*Agam.* May Heav'n before 'tis offer'd be appeas'd.
*Iph.* When will this Sacrifice be made?
*Agam.* Too ſoon.
*Iph.* Shall we with mutual Prayers aſſiſt the Prieſt,
And jointly offer up our Vows for *Greece*?
*Agam.* Yes, Daughter, yes----you will aſſiſt the Prieſt;
Yes; you muſt offer up your——Vows for *Greece*.
[*Breaking from* Iph.

Iphigenia,

Iphigenia, Eriphile, *and* Doris.

*Iph.* What can thus ſhake his Mind? I feel his Fears,
And tremble ere I know his Sorrows Cauſe,
Ye never dying Guardians of the Juſt,
Miniſtring Angels, ſave, defend the King
From this impending Ill, whate'er it be.
*Eri.* Some Buſineſs of the State rolls in his Mind
And breaks his Thoughts; all will be calm again.
If you thus feel imaginary Pains,
How wou'd you bear my Burthen; I, who know
No Parents, no Protector, no Relief?
If *Agamemnon* ſhou'd neglect your Piety,
Your Royal Mother wou'd repay that loſs
With double Fondneſs; if they both forſake you,
Your Hero, your *Achilles* will receive
And cheriſh with eternal Love your Beauties.
*Iph.* Oh fair *Eriphile*, that Godlike Hero
Will ſoon relieve our Cares, and eaſe my Heart;
His mighty Soul is fill'd with Love and Glory,
In Arms he ruſhes dreadful to the War,
Impetuous, rapid as contending Winds,
Rough as the wintry Storm that plows the Deep.
—— In Peace he mildly drops the boiſterous Warrior,
Then he's all Love, ſoft as the balmy Air
That gently bends the Herbage, calmly breathes
The Morning Sweets——
*Eri.* You are all Rapture, Madam.
*Iph.* All Tongues are eloquent, all Eyes are pleas'd,
And every Heart is warm'd with Joy to ſee him,
The general Wonder, and the general Love;
Yes, he is all that Woman's Wiſh can fancy,
To ſatisfie her Pride, or pleaſe her Eyes.
*Eri.* With what tranſporting Joy her buſie Tongue
Dwells on his Praiſe! 'tis worſe than Death, than Shame;
Her Words are Tongues of Adders, Tails of Scorpions. [*Aſide.*

*Iph.*

*Iph.* His Fame, his Love, my Parents, and my Duty,
Gave him the full Poſſeſſion of my Heart:
And now, my Friend, our Lives, like joining Streams,
Unruffled by Adverſity or Strife,
Shall flow into Eternity together.

*Eri.* No, no: I'll raiſe a Storm ſhall rack your Peace.
Oh Rage! oh Jealouſie!----yet hold my Heart,
My tortur'd Heart!---Curſe on their happy Loves. [*Aſide.*

*Iph.* You ſeem diſturb'd, *Eriphile*; the Blood
Glows in your Face----What has diſorder'd you?

*Eri.* A ſudden Pain ſhot like a Dagger thro' me,
I thought I ſhou'd have fainted——Pray go on;
You ſay this Lover, this *Achilles*——

*Iph.* Yes;
Is he not more than half Divine, *Eriphile*?
——And yet I wonder he ſo long is abſent.
He muſt have heard of our Arrival here:
My jealous Heart fears ev'ry thing, ev'n you,
My Father, and *Achilles*——All avoid,
Or coldly meet my Love.

*Doris.* Madam, your Mother,
The Queen appears, the Royal *Clytemneſtra.*

*Enter* Clytemneſtra *with a Letter.*

*Clyt.* Daughter, we muſt again reviſit *Argos*,
Haſte, let us fly and ſave us from Diſhonour.
I now no longer wonder, *Agamemnon*
Gave us ſo cold a Welcome to the Camp.
[*Gives* Iph. *the Letter.*
Behold this Letter, which was ſent by *Arcas*,
Sent to prevent our Journey; but the Meſſage
Miſcarry'd, while our Chariot ſtray'd laſt Night
In *Aulis* Woods.

*Iph.* Alas! What do I ſee?
He writes us here, the mighty Son of *Peleus*, [*Reads.*
*Achilles* cools, and wou'd defer the Rites

Of

Of Marriage, till he comes from *Troy* victorious?
*Eri.* What do I hear? Oh my exulting Heart! [*Aſide.*
*Iph.* And that this Change, this unexpected Coldneſs
[*Reads.*
Proceeds from young *Eriphile*, his Captive.
[*Looking ſtedfaſtly on* Eriph.
——Oh faithleſs and unkind!
*Eri.* What can this mean?
Am I alive, or is it all a Dream?
A pleaſing Viſion? No; I wake, I live:
And yet the Hero never yet diſcover'd,
To me his Love—— how my Tranſported Soul
Feels the ſuprizing News!
*Clyt.* Arm, arm your Mind;
Oh ſteel with generous Pride your noble Spirit:
I ſee you Bluſh, and are concern'd to hear
His Perfidy——But think, my Child, a Soul
That can be falſe, muſt be unworthy too;
Stay not to feel the Shame of ſlighted Love.
Conduct your ſelf, worthy your Royal Birth:
The King ſhall know our Reſolution's fixt,
For our Departure from the Camp this Night.
Madam, we will not preſs your Company
[*To* Eriphile.
Back to *Mycene*——We ſhall leave you here,
In better Hands—— Falſe Maid, we know your Wiles;
Your baſe Deſigns are now expos'd to Day;
It is not *Calchas* that you ſeek in *Aulis*. [*Ex.* Clyt.

Iphigenia *and* Eriphile.

*Iph.* Yes, *Iphigenia*, guard thy Fame, thy Honour;
Tho' thy Heart bleeds, let him not know thy Weakneſs;
The Tales of faithful Love are Fictions all;
Our Fancies work, a fairy Land, a Bubble,
That with its borrow'd Lights pleaſes a Moment,
And then expands to empty Air again.

*Eriphile,*

*Eriphile*, you're grown a happy Captive:
It ſeems you hold your Conqueror in Chains.
*Eri.* Madam, this ſtrange Diſcourſe ſurpriſes me.
*Iph.* 'Tis I ſhou'd be ſurpris'd ——but ſince you know not,
I'll tell you—— You were once my faithful Friend;
*Eriphile*, Fate robs me of a Husband;
Will you abandon me, and muſt I loſe
A Friend?—— No, no; you will be ever faithful;
You wou'd not leave me, when I came to *Aulis*,
My Company was your Delight, your Life:
I know you will attend me back again.
*Eri.* I ſhould conſult the Prieſt, before I go.
*Iph.* Conſult him then——and let us go this Moment.
*Eri.* Perhaps my Buſineſs here requires ſome ſtay.
*Iph.* I will no further preſs you to be gone;
I know your pleaſing Buſineſs, here in *Aulis*.
Oh, cou'd I ever think *Eriphile!*
Oh, cou'd I ever think *Achilles* falſe!
*Eri.* Can you believe I love that furious Man,
Who never met my Eyes, but bath'd in Blood?
*Lesbos* in Aſhes, Fire, and Flame, and Death,
All the dread Storms of War, fore-ran his March.
Then when I ſaw him firſt, I ſaw him fierce,
Unlovely, terrible, and full of Horrour:
Cou'd he then make Impreſſions on my Heart?
*Iph. Eriphile*, you love this dreadful Man;
You know not with what Joy I ſee you Paint
The Hero bath'd in Blood—— this burning *Lesbos*,
This dreadful Storm of War, this Fire, this Fury,
And all the raging Horrors of that Day
Which your fond Tongue with feign'd Concerns repeats,
Point out the Traces of a ſettled Paſſion
Imprinted on your Soul:——Your Memory,
Pleas'd with his Deeds, preſerves the fatal Tale.
How have I ſigh'd to hear your fond Complaints,
And aided all your Counterfeited Grief!
You love him.—— Yes; the bloody Warrior ſtill

Dwells

Dwells in your Mind ——Perdious! and Unworthy!
I ſee th' ill natur'd Pleaſure in your Eyes;
Your haughty Looks inſult my injur'd Love.
*Eri.* Then let me greatly thus avow my Paſſion:
I love this Demi-god, this Man immortal.
Who is there, ſo inſenſible of Glory,
So dead to all Ambition, and the Charms
Of Power and Rule, that cou'd reſiſt *Achilles*?
Ask your own Heart, whence ſprung theſe fond Emotions;
Did they not lift your Soul, and ſwell your Breaſt
With extaſie, while you believ'd him yours?
Forgive me, Madam, while I own a Pleaſure
Too great to be conceal'd,—— You urg'd it from me.
And while you call'd him mine, th' unruly Joy
Broke thro' all Bounds, and with uncommon Ardour
Grac'd every Motion, ſpoke in every Look.
*Iph.* Do——Glory in thy Crime, be fond of Guilt;
Falſe to thy Friend, and Truſt—— be greatly falſe,
And loudly boaſt thy Shame!——the Son of *Thetis*,
And falſe *Eriphile*, have Hearts alike.
*Eri.* If there's a Joy on Earth, beyond the Rapture
Of two united Hearts, 'tis to behold
A ſlighted Rival's Pangs.——Yes, my *Achilles*
Is all; he ſhall, he will be ever mine;
I rule with abſolute Command his Heart.
*Iph.* Yet oh! remember, inſolent, proud Woman,
This perjur'd Man will be forſworn again;
Remember, I ſhall ſee your Hero's Vows
Paid to another Shrine,——For be aſſur'd,
The Man, who once was falſe, can ne'er be true.
Perhaps this Wanderer may return to me:
You may, with jealous Rage, behold theſe Charms
Victorious, as my Honour; while with Pride,
With virtuous Pride, I ſee you both deſpair.
For your weak Mind, diſpirited with Vice,
Knows not the Fortitude to *Suffer* Ills.

*Eri.*

*Eri.* Accuſe your feeble Charms, which wanted Strength
To *Fix* a Heart, they only faintly warm'd.
My pointed Eyes, with animated Fires,
And Force unerring, Conquer'd all the Hero.
When I appear'd, your languid Beauties dy'd:
My Abſence only gave 'em Light and Being.
" So when from Weſtern Hills the burning Sun
" Deſcends, and leaves his Empire to the Moon,
" Falſe Meteors glare, and ſcatter'd Drops of Light,
" With glow-worm Spangles, dreſs the gloom of Night:
" But as the Radiant God remounts his Carr,
" The borrow'd Vapours ſwiftly diſappear;
" They fly the Force of his celeſtial Ray,
" Or their pale Lights are loſt in *Floods* of Day.

*Iph.* Cou'd I believe a perjur'd Lover's Loſs
Worthy my Care, I might, ſecure to Conquer,
Arm theſe neglected Eyes with killing Charms;
And ſhow thee how thy arrogant, vain Soul
O'er-rates thy trifling Form,—— But learn from me,
The Virgin's laſhing Beauties are her Bluſhes;
And ſhe who can deſcend t'inſnare her Lover,
Will loſe him when the poor Deceit is known.
Yet more to mortifie thy daring Pride;
Remember, *Agamemnon* Rules in *Greece*.
My Father here bears Sway.—— Yes, your *Achilles*,
And you the Minion of his fond Addreſſes,
May find, that Wrongs like mine demand Redreſs.

Achilles *Enters.*

*Eri.* He comes —— He comes —— the fluttering Gueſt within
Fears, leaſt her Jealouſies ſhould all prove falſe.
----My doubting Heart is on the Rack: My Life,
My Death depends on this important Moment!

*Achil.* Fair *Iphigenia*, welcome to the Camp.
I am ſurpriz'd with equal Joy and Wonder,

To find you, thus unlook'd for, here in *Aulis*.
*Iph.* Be not ſurpriz'd, my Lord; I'll ſoon be gone, [*Going.*
And make your Wonder ſink below your Joy.
*Achil.* Illuſtrious Maid, ſay how have I offended?
[*Holding her.*
You ſhall not go—Give me to know the Cauſe
Why thy bright Eyes ſhoot thoſe diſdainful Fires,
Why all thy Beauties redden thus with Anger;
What unknown Crime have I committed? —Speak.
*Iph.* How hard 'tis to diſſemble well, *Achilles!*
I can't ſo readily relate the Story,
Your *Lesbian* Captive will inform you all. [*Exit* Iph.

Eriphile, Achilles, Doris.

*Achil.* She flyes me! Doe I wake? or is this all
Illuſion only, and the Sport of Fancy?
Alas! I feel it here, I cannot bear it.
How have I merited, oh Charming Maid,
How has my faithful Heart deſerv'd thy Scorn?
*Eri.* Oh Heav'n! He loves her ſtill!—Behold! He ſinks,
Unable to ſupport her dreadful Anger.
Ah ſhort-liv'd Joy! Once more I am undone. [*Aſide.*
*Achil.* Madam, if yet you can behold *Achilles*,
Without remembring he was once your Foe,
Permit me to petition you, to know
Why *Iphigenia* meets my Eyes with Scorn.
Oh fair *Eriphile*, if e'er you lov'd,
If e'er your tender Hear was ſenſible
Of that ſoft Paſſion, think what I endure.
Pity, aſſiſt me, tell me what's the Cauſe;
For you, I'm ſure, muſt know her inmoſt Secrets,
Th'accurſed Cauſe why *Iphigenia* frowns
*Eri.* Yes, Sir, my Soul is ſenſible of Love,
And I can pity Lovers fond Diſtreſſes.
—But you and *Iphigenia* both are happy.

*Achil.* How, happy! Did you not regard her Eyes,
With what Diſdain they ſhot their beamy Fires?
Wou'd ſhe endure my Sight, or hear me ſpeak?
*Eri.* I ſee your Soul is rapt in *Iphigenia*.
*Achil.* *Eriphile*, ſhe rivals my Ambition,
Dear to my Soul as the Deſire of Fame;
Oh ſhe's divinely Fair, divinely Good,
More beautiful than the bright *Cyprian* Goddeſs,
Chaſt as the Virgin Huntreſs of the Woods.
*Eri.* Thrice happy Maid, thrice happy *Iphigenia*,
Cou'd ſhe repay with mutual Love this Paſſion.
But know, young Son of *Thetis*, Virgins Hearts
Receive with Warmth and Force their firſt Impreſſions.
Suppoſe her Heart engag'd.—— What if her Duty
At firſt oblig'd her to admit your Vows,
While for ſome happier Youth ſhe ſtill reſerv'd
The ſecret Wiſhes of her Maiden Love;
And now ſhe ſees theſe hated Nuptials near
She ſtarts, ſhe trembles. and beholds with Horror
Th'Approaching Hour —— Perhaps, theſe are the Reaſons
Why ſhe receives you thus —— Obſerve her Eyes,
Her Sighs, her Tears; they openly declare,
She thinks you the dire Cauſe of all her Woe.
*Achil.* Hah! thou haſt rous'd my ſleeping Jealouſy.
Were all her Vows the cold Effects of Duty?
No, no; I'll not believe it, Her chaſt Mind
Is pure and guileleſs —— thy Suſpicion's baſe.
—Yet ſomething ſtirs the Camp— the *Grecian* Princes
Behold *Achilles* all with hoſtile Eyes:
Ev'n now proud *Menelaus* and *Ulyſſes*
Both arm'd their Eloquence to croſs my Love.
They told me that my Honour too muſt ſuffer,
If I ſhou'd preſs this Marriage with the Princeſs.
What dreadful Enterprize have they in View?
Why do they thus obſcurely half reveal,
What both concerns my Honor and my Miſtreſs?
I'll know this Secret; inſtantly I'll know it:

I'll

I'll force it from 'em. My diſtracted Soul
Burns in ſuſpenſe between my Love and Glory.
[*Exit* Achilles.

Eriphile, Doris.

*Eri.* Gods, who behold my Shame, conceal it too!
Proud Rival, thou haſt all my Hero's Love.
Muſt I for ever live to be thy Triumph,
Inſulted by thy Happineſs?——Yet tell me,
Say *Doris*, have we yet one Hope?——there is,
A louring Cloud yet blackens o'er their Heads;
Yet *Iphigenia* thinks her Lover falſe:
*Achilles* is deceiv'd, and *Agamemnon*
Sends from his labouring Boſom ſecret Sighs.
I'll wait th'Event. What, tho' my rigid Stars
Shou'd ſtill frown on, Deſpair will guide my Hand,
And Animate my Soul to part theſe Lovers.
Thus when, with jealous Rage, the Wife of *Jove*
Saw his ſtoln Loves in the *Nonacrian* Grove,
In vain the Conſcious Virgin urg'd a Rape,
The Thunderer's Power, and *Cynthia*'s borrow'd Shape:
Raſh Maid, ſhe cry'd, 'tis Criminal to pleaſe;
Thy Ruin only can my Wrath appeaſe.
Thy Beauties ſhall no more my Fears allarm.
The Goddeſs ſpoke, with Indignation warm,
And let her Vengeance looſe on every Rival Charm.

# ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter* Agamemnon *and* Clytemneſtra.

*Clyt.* YES, we prepar'd, my Lord, to leave the Camp,
The Camp and falſe *Achilles*; *Iphigenia*
Felt all the Pangs, that ever loveſick Maid
Receiv'd from faithleſs Man —— her Noble Heart
Yet ſtruggled to conceal th'unworthy Flame;
But Sighs, and ſecret Tears, and ſudden Bluſhes
Reveal'd the ſad Diſorder of her Mind.
——When the young Hero, wondring at our Flight,
And her Reſentment, fell upon his Knees,
And fir'd with juſt Diſdain, to hear his Love
Prophan'd; Confirm'd it with the warmeſt Vows,
And preſs'd the ſacred Rites might be perform'd,
This very Day perform'd —— To your Pavilion
He bends his Courſe, the Marriage muſt be now,
That will for ever ſilence baſe Reports.

*Agam.* Enough! I do believe *Achilles* true.
Well —— We'll perform this Marriage inſtantly.
*Calchas* ſhall join their Hands before the Gods:
But be you abſent from this nuptial Sacrifice,
And leave to me alone the ſacred Care.

*Clyt.* My Lord, I cannot juſtifie my Abſence;
I muſt be there; behold the pleaſing Pomp
With Tranſport, ſee the bliſsful Union made,
And give the bluſhing Bride to her fond Lover.

*Agam.* You're now not in the Palace of *Atrides*,
But in a Camp ——

*Clyt.* A Camp where you Command,
Where *Aſia*'s Fate depends upon your Arms,
Where the great Son of *Thetis* calls you Father:
What Pomp, what Splendor, what Magnificence

Can

Can *Atreus'* Palace give exceeding this?
*Agam.* Now in the Name of thoſe Immortal Gods,
Who gave us Being, from whoſe Race we ſpring,
Grant my Requeſt; Do not attend this Marriage.
I have my Reaſons why you ſhou'd be abſent.
*Clyt.* How can you rob me of the pleaſing Sight?
Why ſhou'd you bluſh to ſee your *Clytemneſtra*
Give *Agamemnon*'s Daughter to *Achilles*?
*Agam.* I hop'd I might prevail by mild Perſuaſion;
But ſince the Force of Reaſon ſtirs you not,
Know 'tis my Will you come not to the Altar.
'Tis my Command; reply not, but obey. [*Exit* Agam

Clytemneſtra *alone.*

Why ſhou'd the King detain me from the Altar?
Am I unworthy, ſince this Dignity,
To ſhare his Honours and partake his Glory?
Or does he fear his new unſettled Rule,
And dares I not ſhew the *Grecians Helen*'s Siſter?
Does he for this avoid me? 'tis unjuſt
He ſhou'd reflect my Siſter's Shame on me,
But 'tis his Will, and therefore I obey.
Behold *Achilles*; ſee th'impatient Bridegroom.

*Enter* Achilles,

*Achil.* All things ſucceed, and anſwer to our Hopes.
Madam, the King is ſatisfy'd——He knows,
He ſees, he truſts the Tranſports of my Love:
And when I wou'd have ſpoke to clear my Honour
He clos'd me in his Arms, and call'd me Son.
The Camp is all in Joy; Did you not hear
What Bleſſings have attended you to *Aulis*?
*Clyt.* Is there a Bleſſing dearer to my Soul,
Than what I now enjoy in this Alliance?

*Achil.* When you arriv'd, *Calchas* aloud proclaim'd
The Wrath of all the Gods wou'd be appeas'd:
*Neptune* will hear our Prayers, and the loud Winds
Be ſummon'd from their Caverns to our Aid.
And now the buſy Mariners unfurl
Their ſlackend Sails, and now they wait the Signal
To call our Troops on Board, and weigh their Anchors.
For me, if Heaven wou'd ſo indulge my Love,
I wiſh the Winds might not ſo ſoon return.
'Tis with Regret that I, ſo young a Bridegroom,
Shall be oblig'd to leave this pleaſing Shore.
But when the Trumpet ſpeaks, 'tis Honour's Voice,
Nor muſt we loſe the glorious great Occaſion
To puniſh, to chaſtiſe this Raviſher
Of *Clytemneſtra*'s Siſter—— All your Wrongs
Are by this great Alliance made my own.

*Enter* Iphigenia, Eriphile, Doris *and* Ægina.

*Achil. to Iph.* Oh thou my future Happineſs and Life,
Illuſtrious Maid, let us attend the Prieſt;
There, in the Preſence of th'auſpicious Gods,
Profeſs eternal Unity and Love.
*Iph.* Before we tye this ever-hallow'd Knot,
I hope the Queen will ſuffer me to ask
A Pledge of all your promis'd Faith and Love.
—— I here preſent before you a young Princeſs,
Heaven on her Face imprints her Royal Birth,
Her Eyes have all her Days been wet with Tears.
You know her Miſeries, ſhe's yours by Conqueſt;
Ev'n I my ſelf, tranſported with blind Rage,
This Morning added to her many Griefs;
What can I leſs than by my readieſt Aid
Repair the Wrongs ſhe ſuffered from my Words?
She is your Captive, Sir, I ask her Freedom:
Begin this happy Day to bleſs Mankind.

*Eri,*

*Eri.* Her Cunning wou'd remove me from his Preſence.
Oh counterfeited Love! —— Oh female Friendſhip!
[*Aſide.*

*Iphi.* The Hero does not only draw his Sword
To tame and conquer a Rebellious World,
But like the Gods, whoſe mighty Stamp he bears,
To ſuccour and relieve th'Unfortunate.

*Eri.* My Burthen is too great for Life to bear.
My Lord, at *Lesbos* I became your Slave;
'Tis too too much to load me thus with Sorrow:
The Torments that I here endure are more,
Are more than Words can tell, or Tears expreſs.

*Achil.* How Madam! tho' Captivity's a Burthen——

*Erip.* Cou'd you Impoſe on me a harder Law,
Than thus to make my Eyes mournful Spectators
Of all my cruel Foes Felicity?
Where-e'er I look I ſee a numerous Hoſt,
Prepar'd with Fire and Sword to ſack my Country:
This Marriage too ſtrengthens your ſtrict Alliance,
And makes our Fate inevitably certain.
Permit me then, at diſtance from the Camp,
At diſtance from this hated Camp and you,
To ſeek ſome melancholy lone Retreat,
Ever unfortunate, ever unknown.

*Achil.* Enough, fair Princeſs; Follow to the Altar.
There, in the ſight of the whole *Grecian* Army,
I'll give thee, beauteous Priſ'ner, Liberty.
That happy Moment which for ever joins
My Hand and Heart to Royal *Iphigenia*,
Shall be the happy Moment of your Freedom.
[*As they are going* Arcas *meets 'em.*

*Arc.* All things are ready for the pious Pomp:
The King awaits his Daughter at the Altar.
I —— in his Name demand her —— rather, Madam, [*To Cly.*
Let me implore your Royal Aid againſt him.

*Cly.* What ſay'ſt thou, *Arcas*? wherefore doſt thou kneel?

*Arc.* You only can defend her. [*To* Achil.
*Achil.* Againſt whom?
And whom ſhould I defend? Collect thy Spirits,
And ſpeak th' important Meſſage fully to us.
*Arc.* I name and I accuſe him with Regret;
Yet while I cou'd I kept his fatal Secret:
But now my Love, my Duty bids me ſpeak.
——The Knife, the Fillet, and the Pyle are ready;
Stern *Calchas* ſtands prepar'd to give the Blow,
While on each ſide the buſie Prieſts attend,
To mix the ſacred Wine with flowing Blood——
*Clyt.* Why doſt thou Pauſe?——explain thy ſelf, good *Arcas.*
*Achil.* Whatever 'tis, ſpeak boldly; fear not, Soldier.
*Arc.* You are her Lover, Sir—— and you her Mother——
Oh Save, Preſerve the Princeſs from her Father.
*Clyt.* What doſt thou ſay? Preſerve her from her Father?
*Achil.* What ſhou'd we fear from *Agamemnon*, *Arcas*?
*Arc.* He now attends *Diana*'s holy Shrine,
And now, ev'n now, expects the *Virgin Sacrifice*?
*Achil.* Whom wou'd he Sacrifice? [*Pointing to* Iph.
*Clyt.* His Child!
*Iph.* My Father!
*Eri.* Juſt Heav'n, what do I hear? Oh *Doris*, *Doris*,
A glimm'ring Dawn of Happineſs ſtrikes thro'
The Gloom of my Deſpair!——My Rival dies! [*Aſide.*
*Achil.* What frantick Rage arms him againſt his Child?
Thy Story, *Arcas*, chills my Blood with Horror.
*Arc.* The Prieſts cry out, the *Grecian* Empire's Weal,
And the whole Fate of *Troy*, depend on this:
Our Oracles by *Calchas* loudly call
For *Iphigenia*'s Blood; the Gods demand her.
*Iph.* Ye Righteous Gods, what is my Crime unknown?
*Clyt.* I now no longer wonder that the King
Forbad me to approach theſe ſacred Rites.
*Eri.* Haſte, let us fly before 'em to the Altar:
We'll ſee this dreadful pleaſing Sacrifice! [*Aſide to* Doris.
What tho' the Son of *Thetis* ne'er be mine,

The

The moſt Conſummate Joy my Soul can taſte,
Will be to ſee her forc'd from her fond Hero.
*Iph.* Are theſe our marriage Rites, Oh my *Achilles!*
*Arc.* The People think, as firſt the King declar'd,
Our Altars were adorn'd to grace your Nuptials.
*Clyt.* My Lord, thus low before your Feet I fall:
Oh let our Tears provoke your ready Aid:
She is your Bride; with pleaſing Haſte ſhe came
From *Argos*, to receive her promis'd Hero.
With Tears of Joy you met her fond Embraces:
And will her Godlike Maſter tamely ſee
The Darling of his Soul torn from his Arms?
Shall ſhe Embrace their Shrines with Suppliant Hands,
And vainly beg the rigid Gods for Mercy?
Oh Sir, you are her only Hope, her Help,
Her Father, Husband, Altar, and her God.
Oh ſave, defend her from the bloody Prieſt.
You do, you will: I ſee you feel our Wrongs.
I'll inſtantly attend their horrid Pomp,
And know what Oracle has thus proclaim'd
My Daughter's Fate; Guard her till I return.
If nothing can divert the fatal Blow,
The Cruel King ſhall ſee me periſh with her [*Exit.*

Iphigenia *and* Achilles.

*Achil.* The Horror of this dreadful Incident
Had ſtruck me dumb and motionleſs; I ſaw
Your Royal Mother bending at my Feet,
And begging with her Tears my ſpeedy Aid.
—— Who has more Intereſt in your Life than I?
Shall *Iphigenia* bleed, and *Thetis'* Son
With Unconcern behold the Butcher Prieſt
Bath'd in his Miſtreſs Blood? —— No, Madam, No:
Repoſe your ſelf —— I'll anſwer for a Life
Much dearer than my own —— Your Happineſs
Is interwoven, ſtruck into my Being,

'Tis mingled with the vital Stream that rolls
Thro' all this Frame —— But I'll revenge my Wrongs.
'Tis not enough that I defend my Love,
No! the Contrivers of this bloody Stratagem,
Who durſt thus arm my Name againſt your Life,
Shall dearly pay the Purchaſe of their Fraud. [*Is going.*

*Iph.* Oh ſtay, my Lord, and deign to hear me ſpeak.

*Achil.* Inhuman *Agamemnon*! was not I
Prepar'd to vindicate your Siſter's Wrongs?
Why this Affront to me? this cruel Outrage?
I firſt of all the Princes gave this Man,
This barbarous Man, my Suffrage to command:
I Nam'd him Chief of all the Twenty Kings
Who rival'd him in Empire —— Yes, I rais'd,
I firſt created him this God on Earth,
And now he levels all his Bolts at me.

*Iph.* Conſider yet, my Lord, that *Agamemnon* ——

*Achil.* My Love, my Anger and my juſt Diſdain
Call loudly for Revenge —— Oh *Iphigenia*!
Had I remain'd one Moment more in *Lesbos*,
Who cou'd have ſav'd thee from their bloody Rage?
In vain thou wou'dſt have ſought thy Husband here;
For thy Inhuman Father, not content
To violate the Laws of Love and Nature,
Cloath'd and diſguis'd his ſavage Purpoſes
With the ſoft Name of Marriage —— As my Bride,
He wou'd have led you to the pompous Altar.
—— Gods! I'll be ſatisfy'd —— My Name's abus'd,
The *Grecian* Princes ſhall command Redreſs,
And heal my wounded, my inſulted Honour.

*Iph.* Alas! if once you lov'd, you wou'd reſtrain
Theſe unkind Words, and ere you ſpeak, reflect,
This Barbarous, this Inhuman, Cruel Man,
Whate'er he is beſides, is ſtill my Father.

*Achil.* No, he has forfeited that pious Name;
He's your Aſſaſſin now, your Murtherer.

*Iph.*

*Iph.* 'Tis with the utmoſt Pain you wound my Soul,
When thus you call him Cruel and Unkind.
And wherefore is he Cruel? Why Unkind?
Do not his Groans inceſſantly proclaim
The weighty Grief that loads his ſuffering Mind?
What Father thus wou'd loſe a Child he lov'd?
Oh, I beheld the Tears ſtream down his Cheeks,
When firſt he found he cou'd not ſave my Life.
----Accuſe him not, till you have heard his Reaſons:
Add not, to all the Horrors of this Day,
The Loſs of your Alliance----*Agamemnon*
Will ſatisfie your Doubts-----When I am dead,
Your Friendſhip may continue, to reform
And bleſs Mankind; If *Iphigenia*'s Memory
Raiſes a pious Sigh, or kind Reflection,
'Twill be a grateful Tribute to her Love.

*Achil.* How, Madam! then, amidſt theſe Dangers round you,
Your Fears are only leaſt you ſhou'd Offend
This *Cruel* Man! What can I call him leſs,
Who thus demands your unoffending Life?
And when I would oppoſe my timely Hand
To ſtop his Rage----his Quiet, his Repoſe,
Is all your Care! Oh Rigid and Unkind,
Both to your ſelf and me----Oh *Iphigenia*,
Does faithful Love merit this cold Return?

*Iph.* Injurious Man, can you ſuſpect my Love?
How brightly has it ſhone? how have I prov'd It?
You ſaw me now receive the dreadful Summons
To ſudden Death, unſhaken and reſolv'd.
Say, did my Eyes drop one reluctant Tear?
Have I yet murmur'd out a Sigh, or trembled?
----Yet when the News of your Inconſtancy
Arriv'd, it planted Daggers in my Heart.
To what a height did my Deſpair ariſe?
And when I found you true, what were my Joys?
'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis the Angry Gods
Devoted me to Dye; I fondly thought

(So

(So greatly, ſo exceſſively I lov'd)
Immortal Happineſs below my Wiſh.
*Achil.* Oh thou kind tender Partner of my Life,
Live for my ſake——let me Petition thee
To ſave my Love——My Soul is bound in thine.

*Enter* Clytemneſtra *and* Ægina.

*Clyt.* All's loſt, my Lord, without your timely Aid;
The King with care avoids and fears my Preſence;
He has refus'd to ſee or hear me ſpeak;
The Guards, by his particular Command,
Surround the Altar, and defend each Avenue.
*Achil.* 'Tis well——this ſtubborn King rules abſolute.
Madam, *Atrides* ſhall both ſee and hear me;
I'll open you a Paſſage through his Guards.
[Achilles *leading off* Clytemneſtra.
*Iph.* Yet ſtay, *Achilles:* what would you attempt?
Oh whither would your generous Paſſion drive you?
*Achil.* Whate'er you ask againſt your ſelf is vain;
We muſt oppoſe you, to protect your Life.
*Clyt.* What wouldſt thou, *Iphigenia!* ſay, my Child.
*Iph.* Reſtrain the Paſſion of a furious Lover;
Let not my Father and *Achilles* meet.
*Achilles*, full of Fire and deep Reſentment,
Will aggravate his Sorrows with Reproaches.
My Father's juſtly jealous of his Power,
And full of Heat——No; let us gently try
By ſofter Means to work upon his Soul;
He'll come himſelf, ſurpriz'd at my delay,
To lead me, to conduct me to the Altar.
Then he'll behold an oppreſs'd Mother's Grief;
I know he'll feel our Sorrows, and remit
The fatal Sentence of offended Heav'n.
.....Yet ſhould he ſtill purſue, with Conſtancy,
The dire Decrees above-----Oh my *Achilles*,
I'll ask;-----what, yet I never did intend,

I'll

I'll ask, with Tears, my Life-----I'll ſtrive to pay
The mighty Debt I owe, and live for you.
*Achil.* Go, plead thy moving Cauſe, thou ſuffering Maid,
Recal his Reaſon, his Humanity,
His Love, his Duty; ſay 'tis my Requeſt,
For yours, for my Repoſe, and for his own.
——But if our Words ſucceed not, we muſt Act.
Madam, I wholly am diſpos'd to ſerve you, [*To* Clyt.
Let me conduct you to your own Apartment.
Your Daughter ſhall not die, you have my Word,
Her ſacred Life is guarded by my Sword;
The Subtle Prieſts ſhall find, her Deſtiny
Is not in them, nor in their Gods, but me. [*Exeunt*,

ACT

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

Eriphile *and* Doris.

*Eri.* NO, never, never was my Soul as now
Diſquieted, and torn with wild Diſtraction.
With envious Eyes I ſee her glorious Danger,
Behold her Great, triumphant in her Woe.
Didſt thou not mark her Pride, when ſhe perceiv'd
*Achilles* greatly mov'd with her Misfortunes?
This Heroe, terrible to Humankind,
Who never weakly melted into Softneſs,
Bred in his Youth, and harden'd to Deſtruction,
Who firſt receiv'd, as buſie Fame reports,
His Food from Savages, while in a Deſart
The Infant-God was nouriſh'd by a Tygreſs;
.....Yes, he relented------Gods! I ſaw his Eyes
Shed the big Drops; yes, his whole Soul relented,
And all the Heroe ſunk into the Lover.
.....What Racks------what Tortures would I not indure?
What lingring Ages of Deſpair and Death,
To draw one Tear from this immortal Man?

*Doris.* Let her enjoy her fruitleſs Pride, and die!

*Eri.* No, no, ſhe will not die; her haughty Lover,
*Achilles*, will remove all Obſtacles.
Her gentle Reſignation to Heav'ns Will,
Her pious Tears, her Heart that bleeds to part
With Life and him, and all this Pomp of Grief,
Will more indear her to his Soul than ever.

*Doris.* He dares not rob the Altar; haughty *Calchas*
Will arm the People and the Gods againſt him.

*Eri.* Doſt thou not ſee how cautiouſly they act?
The fatal Sentence is with Care conceal'd,

Nor

Nor does the Camp yet know their Royal Victim.
Yet *Agamemnon* doubts, and feels his Blood
Rebel againſt the Dictates of the Gods.
Oh *Doris!* how, how will his ſtaggering Mind
Suſtain th' Attacks of Nature?-----his Wife's Rage?—
His Daughters Tears?-----and fierce *Achilles'* Wrath?
No, no; the Gods in vain doom her to die.
I am, and I alone muſt ſtill remain
Unfortunate-----and yet, if I muſt periſh,
Why ſhould I fall alone!-----it ſhall be done.

*Doris.* What horrid Image ſtrikes your feveriſh Mind?
Why does your troubled Fancy raiſe new Terrors?

*Eri.* I'll inſtantly proclaim, through all the Camp,
The Gods demand their Victim, *Iphigenia*,
That ſtill their impious King keeps back the Sacrifice;
That dreadful Vengeance waits to puniſh all
For *Agamemnon*'s Sacrilege-----I'll blow
The murmuring Soldier into mad Sedition.

*Doris.* Think cooly, Madam, think what Conſequence.

*Eri. Troy* will inrol my Name among her Gods,
And all her Domes breathe Clouds of grateful Incenſe,
If thus I can diſturb their Peace, thus break
Their ſtrong Alliance, cheriſh their Diviſions;
Arm proud *Achilles* againſt *Agamemnon*,
And turn their ſharpen'd Points to civil Fury.

*Doris.* I apprehend your raſh Deſign; but ſee
Where *Clytemneſtra* comes-----let us avoid her.

*Eri.* Yet *Doris*, let us ſtill with care conſult
What further muſt be done to make ſecure
This Sacrifice-----'tis pleaſing to the Gods;
'Tis ſeconding and aiding their Commands.

[*Exeunt* Eriph. *and* Doris.

Clytem.

Clytemneſtra *and* Agamemnon *meeting.*

*Agam.* Why, Madam, are my Orders diſobey'd?
I ſent by *Arcas*, to demand your Daughter;
Do you with-hold her from the ſacred Rites;
Why will you ſtill diſpute my juſt Commands?
*Clyt.* Sir, you ſhall be obey'd; but is there not
Some kind fore-warning Power that moves within you,
And bids you wiſh theſe Rites might be delay'd?
*Agam.* The ſacred Shrine is dreſs'd; the Prieſt prepar'd.
*Clyt.* But where's the Victim ——Cruel *Agamemnon.*
*Agam.* Hah!---then the fatal Secret is reveal'd.
*Clyt.* Come forth my Child, attend your pious Father;

*Enter* Iphigenia, *and kneels to* Agamemnon.

Kneel, kneel, and thank him for his tender Love;
He comes himſelf to lead you to the Altar.
*Agam.* Riſe, *Iphigenia*----Wherefore doſt thou kneel,
And weep, and ſigh? Why are thy mourning Eyes
Dejected, fix'd on Earth? Oh! 'tis too plain,
*Arcas*, perfidious *Arcas*, has betray'd me.
*Iph.* Complain not, Sir---you ſhall not be betray'd,
Your Will ſhall be ſubmitted to----I'll dye.
My Life is yours, you but recal your own.
With the ſame Heart contented and reſign'd,
With which I thought to find my promis'd Lord,
You ſhall behold your Victim meet the Blow.
*Agam.* Faireſt Example of exalted Virtue:
Oh glorious Maid--my Child, my *Iphigenia*!
*Iph.* And yet if this reſpectful Love, this Duty
Appears to Merit any Recompence;
Might I not wiſh——ſurrounded thus with Honours,
Not to be torn away by ſudden Death?
So ſudden, I can hardly ſay, Farewel;
Or call you by the much lov'd Name of Father,

Yes,

Yes, I have been the Pleaſure of your Eyes.
Once prodigally kind you lov'd your Child;
How often have you held me in your Arms,
And thank'd the Gods in tranſport for the Bleſſing?
Nor wou'd you bluſh to own the honeſt Weakneſs;
----Oh, with what Joy, what Fondneſs wou'd you hear
My Infant Tongue preſage your glorious Battles;
How often did I then foretel the Fate
Of haughty *Troy*----and dreſs my Victories
In childiſh Eloquence---I little thought
That I muſt firſt fall by my Father's Hand,
And pay with *Agamemnon*'s Blood the Triumph.

*Agam.* Oh, why doſt thou repeat this moving Tale?

*Iph.* Not that I fear the Blow, or ſhake at Death,
Do I remind you of your former Goodneſs;
My Heart is truly jealous of your Honour.
Believe me, were my Life alone concern'd,
I wou'd not thus recount your former Love;
Nor wound you with the tender dear Remembrance,
---But on my Fate, the Weal, the Happineſs
Of an indulgent Mother's Life depends:
And that brave Prince, the Godlike Son of *Thetis*,
A Prince who might, if the juſt Gods had pleas'd,
Have given new Honours to your deathleſs Name;
For you permitted me to hear his Paſſion,
And favour all his faithful Vows of Love;
He knows your Purpoſe, be the Judge your ſelf,
How his unconquer'd Spirit beats and rages,
Loſt in a wild of Paſſion and Deſpair.
----Oh Pardon, Sir, theſe ſtrugglings of my Soul,
To ſave a tender Mother and a Lover.

*Agam.* Daughter, 'tis true; I know not for what Crime
The mighty Gods ask from our Houſe a Victim;
But you are pointed out; the Blood of *Helen*
Muſt ſtain their Altars, and prevent their Judgments:
---Oh think not, *Iphigenia*, that my Love
Waited 'till you petition'd for your Life.

What

What have I not endeavour'd to preſerve you?
This Morning I recall'd thoſe fatal Orders
Which ſummon'd you to *Aulis*---but in vain.
Some Power unſeen broke thro' my weak Attempt,
Deceiv'd the Care of an unhappy Father,
Who impiouſly protects what Heav'n condemns.

*Iph.* Let us then yield to Heav'n---lead on, my Father,
The Gods and *Agamemnon* ask my Life,
---Lead on---'tis impious to contend or grieve.

*Agam.* Greatly reſolv'd------Oh thou brave Child of Virtue,
In thee our high Alliance with the Gods
Shines forth;---yet I applaud with Pain,
With Torture, thy Heroic Reſolution.
——We muſt obey---the dreadful Hour is come;
Go then, reſign thy dear important Life,
To intercept the Vengeance of the Gods,
Leaſt it ſhou'd fall on *Greece*---there let 'em know
'Tis *Agamemnon's* Blood that ſaves his Country.

*Clyt.* Inhuman! you confeſs your guilty Race,
Sprung from the Blood of *Atreus* and *Thyeſtes*:
Is this the happy pleaſing Sacrifice,
With ſo much Care, ſuch Artifice prepar'd?
Think'ſt thou with Tears to moderate thy Crime?
This Oracle it ſeems calls for her Life.
Will Heav'n be honour'd by a barbarous Murther?
---If for the Crime of *Helen*, *Helen's* Race
Muſt bleed; recall *Hermione* from *Sparta*:
Let *Menelaus* with his Daughter's Life
Abſolve, and ſo redeem his raviſh'd Spouſe:
This *Helen*, who diſturbs *Europe* and *Aſia*,
Is ſhe a Prize worthy your great Contention?
A ſhameleſs Woman; *Theſeus* ſtole her firſt
From *Lacedæmon*, long ere *Menelaus*
Eſpous'd her: Yes, we all have often heard
*Calchas* declare, a Princeſs then was born
By that ſtoln Marriage, who is ſtill unknown.

*Agam.*

*Agam.* Wilt thou preſume with Arguments to ſtop,
Or contravert the Dictates of the Gods?
Againſt high Heav'n, our Reaſon and our Power
Are weaker than autumnal Leaves, blown off
And ſcatter'd by the Winds---Vain Arrogance.
*Clyt.* It muſt not, ſhall not be; no, *Agamemnon*;
I will preſerve my Child, or offer up
A double Sacrifice to angry Heav'n.
----Yes, *Iphigenia*, if I cannot ſave thee,
The cruel King ſhall never part us more,
For if we muſt not live, we'll dye together.
[*Exit* Clytem. *leading* Iphigenia.

Agamemnon *alone.*

Juſt Heav'n! why am I not diveſted, ſtript
Of Nature, Reaſon, and Humanity,
And harden'd to perform your bloody Laws?
Oh, wherefore have I yet a Father's Heart?
'Tis too too much;---And yet Heroic Virtue
Is wrought in Fire, and he muſt bravely bear
The Storms of Life, who works his Way to Glory.

*Enter* Menelaus.

*Mene.* Oh, Son of *Atreus*, haſte and ſave your People,
Your Glory, and your Duty to high Heav'n:
*Calchas*, incens'd at your Delays, demands
Why you detain the Victim of *Diana.*
New inauſpicious Omens fright the Prieſts,
No other Sacrifice will be receiv'd;
The lockt-up Winds do yet refuſe their Aid.
Oh, think your lingring Army here muſt periſh,
Muſt periſh all; our Wrongs be unreveng'd.
*Agam.* Oh, *Menelaus!* Brother! *Helen's* Rape
Will amply be reveng'd; the rigid Gods
O'er-rate yon *Aſian* Towers; tho' Victory

Crown

Crown all our Toils, the Victor is undone.
----Muſt *Iphigenia* dye for *Helen*'s Crime?
Is Virtue made the Martyr of Diſhonour?
*Men.* Not for the Crime of *Helen*, but the Wrongs
Of *Greece*, we arm---had they return'd, or puniſh'd
The lawleſs Raviſher, they had not broke
The ſacred Laws of Nations---Nor had then
Theſe glorious Chiefs aſſembled here in Arms,
Drawn forth in dreadful bright Array of Battel?
----Why are thoſe awful Powers above concern'd
To give our Arms Succeſs? why do they ask
This ſpotleſs Victim, but to purifie
The *Grecian* Camp, and give a Wind for *Troy*?
*Agam.* Wherefore ſhou'd *Iphigenia*'s Life alone——
*Men.* What Blood is worthy chaſt *Diana*'s Altar,
But *Iphigenia*'s? Who but *Agamemnon*
Shou'd vindicate his injur'd Subjects Wrongs?
Oh, *King of Men*, which of us wou'd not bleed
To ſave, or to augment his Country's Glory?
*Agam.* Oh, dangerous heighth! oh, Glory to be pity'd!
*Men.* Away, *Atrides*; think no longer; Act.
We climb on high with Labour, the Aſcent
Is ſteep and arduous to conſummate Virtue.
*Agam.* Shall I then, *Menelaus*, muſt I ſee
The Butcher Prieſt, ſurrounded by the Croud,
The barbarous Multitude, ſlaughter my Child,
Open her bleeding Breaſt, and while the Heart
Yet beats, with Horror ſee the ſtreaming Blood
Guſh in tumultuous Torrents from the Wound?
While with erected Eyes, and crimſon'd Hands,
*Calchas* conſults the Gods, grown exorable,
And ſatiated with Blood, inclin'd to Mercy.
*Men.* And can your obſtinate, hard Diſobedience?
Can all your Fears, or Menaces, or Arms,
Now Heav'n demands her Life, preſerve your Child?
*Agam.* Suppoſe theſe Prieſts abuſe the Name they Wor-
At firſt Beaſts only bled, now Human Gore [ſhip:

With

With frequent Sacrifice diſtains their Shrines:
In holy Leading-ſtrings the Infant Bigot,
Like the devoted Brute, follows his Prieſt,
And bleeds, to magnifie the pious Pomp.——
O Luxury of Pride!——Oh impious Pageantry!

*Men.* Take heed of impious Thoughts; when Heavenly Wrath
Deſcends in ſweeping Plagues, and thins your People;
When you and all your Race, to future times,
Accurs'd, ſhall groan beneath its Iron Rod;
It will be then too late to call for Mercy.

*Agam.* It may be ſo——Perhaps th' offended Gods,
To ſatisfie their Juſtice for my Crimes,
Command her Death——Perhaps the ſubtle Prieſts
Have forg'd this rigorous Sentence——Oh, my Soul!
How ſhall I act?——the ſtruggling Paſſions meet,
Diſtract, divide, and tear me from my ſelf——
——Now pleading Nature ſtrikes my Soul with Horror,
And cries aloud; O murther not thy Child,
By a too haſty Zeal and credulous Fear!
——And now the Conſcience of my Royal Duty,
And what I owe to *Greece*, returns, and checks
My tender Fear, and calls it Sacrilege.
——Immortal Orb! bright Source and vital Spring!
[*Kneeling.*
Diffuſive Being!——And thou, Father *Jove*,
Father of Gods and Men, inlighten me,
That I may know and execute thy Laws.

*Men.* I ſee your Nature's ſtirr'd, I ſee, I feel
With you, your Soul is fond of *Iphigenia*.

*Agam.* In her I had laid up Treaſures for my Age,
And hoarded Joys to bleſs the calmer Evening
Of buſie Life——I know no other Comfort:
Let me confeſs a Father's Weakneſs to thee:
[*Falls on* Menelaus's *Neck, and weeps.*
Support me, Gods!——Now all my Soul is open,
Oh, let me thus, thus let me ſpeak her Loſs!

——But

——But 'tis the Will of Heav'n, and I obey:
I know you'll ſay theſe Tears are moſt unmanly.
I've done——And yet 'tis the laſt tender Debt
I e'er ſhall pay her pious Love and Duty.
*Men.* Now, on my Soul, the *Chords* of his big Heart
Are tortur'd on the Rack—— Oh, Son of *Atreus!*
Think you are yet a King, ſupreme of Men.
*Agam.* Had I been bleſs'd with humble Poverty,
Freed from this Yoak, this haughty Yoak, Ambition,
And cover'd by Obſcurity from Danger,
I had poſſeſs'd in Peace my *Iphigenia.*
Mercileſs Gods! take back your Purple Glories;
Strip me of Subjects, Titles, Power and Rule:
Oh, give me only, give me to preſerve
My virtuous Child!
*Men.* My flowing Eyes, my Heart,
With Sympathic Sorrow feel thy Grief:
Let all our Wrongs be unreveng'd; for mine
I give 'em——I releaſe 'em to thy Sorrows.
——Repoſe your ſelf----We will at leaſt defer
This bloody Sentence----I'll return in haſte
To *Calchas*, and oblige the angry Prieſt
To wait a ſecond Order from the Gods:
Yet we ſhall gain one Day, and that improv'd,
With ardent Prayer, may ſoften or avert
The Wrath of Heav'n, and ſave your Child and Honour.
*Agam.* Words are too poor to thank thee; haſte my Friend,
Intreat good *Calchas*, too ſeverely good,
That till to Morrow's Sun reviſits us,
He will defer this awful Sacrifice.
*Mene. Calchas* this Morn ſeem'd much concern'd, and mourn'd
This dreadful unrelenting Call of Heav'n.
*Agam.* Haſte then and try to move him; tho' I doubt it;
The Pity of that Prieſt is Cruelty;
His pious Zeal mourns and deſtroys at once.

In

In *Ægypt* thus, from the fermented Mud,
The genial Sun raiſes a monſt'rous Brood;
Th'amphibious Wonder quits his watry Den
With hideous Ruſh, and ſweeps the trembling Plain,
Deſtroys all round; yet then with pious Tears
He mourns, he murthers, weeps, but never ſpares.
[Mene. *and* Agam. *part.*

Agamemnon *meets* Achilles.

*Achil.* My Lord, an idle Rumour flies abroad;
It hardly yet has gain'd on my Belief;
'Tis ſaid, (it ſhakes my Soul when I repeat it,)
'Tis ſaid that *Iphigenia* dies this Day
By your Command----That, deaf to all the Cries
Of Nature, of Humanity and Blood,
You will your ſelf deliver her to *Calchas*;
That ſhe was ſummon'd in my Name to bleed,
And that theſe Nuptials only were ſuppos'd,
To blind and cover the deteſted Purpoſe.
*Agam.* Oh, what a Seaſon has he choſe t'inſult [*Aſide.*
My tortur'd Heart, and load me with Reproaches?
*Achil.* What am I now to think?---'Tis for your Honour
To ſilence theſe inglorious baſe Reports.
*Agam.* Young Prince, I never render an Account
Of what I do----or publiſh my Deſigns.
My Daughter has not yet my laſt Commands;
When ſhe's inform'd, if it concerns the Camp,
Or you, you'll know my Pleaſure in your Orders.
*Achil.* I know too well your barbarous horrid Purpoſe.
*Agam.* Then wherefore do you ask me what you know?
*Achil.* Why do I ask?----Oh, Heav'n! can I believe
That thus you dare avow your barbarous Zeal?
My Faith, my Love, my Honour muſt oppoſe you.
*Agam.* But you, who thus in Menaces pronounce
Your haughty Will, forget to whom you ſpeak.
*Achil.* 'Tis you forget my Love----'Tis you forget;

*Achilles*

*Achilles* neither does, nor ſuffers Wrongs.

*Agam.* And who committed, Sir, this Truſt to you?
Which way are you concern'd to interpoſe
Between my Honour and my Family?
Say? Am I not her Father? Or are you
Her Husband?——Whence this buſie Inſolence?

*Achil.* By Heav'n ſhe's mine, intirely, wholly mine:
Your Word has made her ſo, and this right Hand
Shall guard my ſacred Title to her Heart:
Did ſhe not come to *Aulis*, to conclude,
By your Command, this Marriage? Faithleſs Man!

*Agam.* Complain of Heav'n, be angry with the Gods;
Accuſe their Prieſts, the Camp, the *Grecian* Princes;
Accuſe *Ulyſſes*, *Menelaus*, *Neſtor*;
But firſt, and chief of all, accuſe *your ſelf.*

*Achil.* Oh, give me Patience, Heav'n! am I concern'd?
Do I partake in your unnatural Guilt?

*Agam.* Yes you! Who, graſping at yon Eaſtern Conqueſt,
Murmur'd at Heav'n and this deſtructive Calm.
And when I would have here diſmiſs'd the League,
You ſpread th'infectious Fury thro' the Camp,
And ruin'd all my labour'd Care to ſave her;
For then you only talk'd and thought of *Troy*,
Conqueſt and *Troy*----Haſte then----Prepare to ſail:
Her Death opens our Courſe--- Go ſatisfie,
If ought can ſatisfie, your mad Ambition.

*Achil.* Gods! muſt I ſuffer! muſt I bear all this?
And dare you add, to all your Perjuries,
The boldneſs to impoſe on me your Crime?

*Agam.* Keep down your ſwelling Heart; and know that Pride,
That fiery Thirſt of Fame, has ruin'd all;
My Child is ſacrific'd to your Ambition.

*Achil.* For me! For my Ambition!----But I'll curb
This riſing Heat, and reaſon cooly with you.
-----Tell me then----Tell me calmly, *Agamemnon*,
Which way was I concern'd for *Helen*'s Rape?

Why

Why, from the peaceful Fields of *Theſſaly*,
Have I led on my faithful *Mirmidons*,
Deaf to the Voice of my Immortal Mother,
And careleſs of my dying Father's Words?
Why do I fondly ſeek that Deſtiny,
To which they ſay I am foredoom'd in *Troy?*
What Fleets have ſail'd from ſwift *Scamander's* Flood
To pillage *Theſſaly?*——What Raviſher
Has ſtole my Wife or Siſter from *Lariſſa?*

*Agam.* 'Twas not for me you arm'd, but *Aſia's* Empire.

*Achil.* Barbarian! Am I not in Arms for you?
Why do thoſe Troops cover th' extended Strand
Of *Aulis?*——But to vindicate the Wrongs
Of injur'd Hoſpitality and Love——
——And ſhall I ſee the Miſtreſs of my Soul
Torn from my Bridal Bed, and not revenge
Her Wrongs and mine?——Or will you, can you think,
That *Menelaus* only holds the Right
To juſtifie his injur'd Love and Honour?
For me the beauteous Maid mourns her hard Fate,
Her Life is mine——her Happineſs my Glory!
To her my Veſſels, Soldiers, Arms, my ſelf,
Are all ingag'd——And not to *Menelaus*;
Let him purſue, let him redeem his Wife,
And gain a Conqueſt, which the Gods proclaim
Is to be purchas'd only with my Blood——
——I know not *Helen*, *Priam*, *Hector*, *Paris*;
Bright *Iphigenia* is the ſacred Prize
I claim——the Prize I will for ever guard.
Tho' Human Race riſe in embattel'd Hoſts,
To force her from my Arms——Oh, Son of *Atreus*!
By that Immortal Power, whoſe deathleſs Spirit
Informs this Earth——I will oppoſe 'em all.

*Agam.* Hence then——Return to *Theſſaly*----Draw off
Your Powers——And by your Abſence, let us gain
Order and Diſcipline——Go, Leave the Camp;
I diſengage, I free you from all Ties

To me, or to my Daughter —— By the Gods,
We ſhall have Heros numberleſs to fight
For injur'd *Greece* —— tho' the proud Son of *Thetis*
Be never heard of more —— *Troy* will afford
Immortal Laurels for the Victor's Brow,
And Dangers worthy the brave Warrior's Toil:
For you, I find we ſhould have dearly bought
Your haughty Aid —— But who created you
The Arbitrer of *Greece*? —— Away, raſh Youth,
Give Laws to Slaves, command your *Mirmidons*,
They'll march, and bend, and tremble at your Nod;
Hence then, and let your Subjects feel your Rage;
I ask leſs Courage, Sir, and more Obedience;
I break, I cancel thus the ſacred Bonds
That held us in Alliance.

*Achil.* Thank thoſe Bonds
That tie my Hands, and now, even now, reſtrain
My Rage —— You are my *Iphigenia*'s Father,
Or elſe, by *Jove*, Immortal *Jove*, I ſwear,
This Chief, this boaſted Chief of twenty Kings,
Had never brav'd the Son of *Thetis* more!
But I am Calm —— Remember, *Agamemnon*,
I have my Love, my Glory to defend;
And when you aim at *Iphigenia*'s Life,
The bloody Paſſage only lies thro' mine. [*Exit* Achil.

Agamemnon *alone.*

*Agam.* Thy Folly has deſtroy'd what it would ſave;
My Daughter was too powerful while alone
Thy Love; thy Inſolence has ruin'd all,
And haſtens the dire Blow that thou would'ſt ſtop:
I muſt not pauſe —— No, I muſt meet his Force;
My Glory thus is thrown into the Ballance;
*Achilles*' Threats have fix'd my wav'ring Heart,
My Pity now wou'd ſeem th' Effect of Fear.
—— *Euribates.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Euribates.

*Eur.* My Lord.
*Agam.* What would I do?
Can I at laſt pronounce theſe bloody Orders?
*Troy*, Victory, Revenge, the *Grecian* Welfare,
Are promis'd the Rewards of my Obedience:
But all theſe Glories, theſe triumphant Laurels,
Muſt ſpring from *Iphigenia*'s Blood alone.
——She ſhall not die——I yield to Love, to Nature;
Nor will I bluſh to own my generous Pity;
But then *Achilles*, arrogantly vain,
Will claim the Merit of his haughty Rage;
Yes, he'll believe I give her to his Threats,
And tremble at the Terror of his Arms.
——No, no, I'll humble the proud *Mirmidon*;
He loves her—— She ſhall live——But not for him;
I'll give her to another——Let his Rage,
His Jealouſie redouble—— Haſte, *Euribates*,
And let the Queen and Princeſs both attend me;
Bid 'em diſmiſs their Fears. [*Exit* Euribates.
——Oh, righteous Heav'n!
If yet, if yet it be your rigid Will,
My Child ſhould die, I know my fond Endeavours
Are weak and powerleſs——But forgive my Love,
That forces me to wait till 'tis confirm'd,
Till you demand your Victim once again.

*Enter* Clytemneſtra, Iphigenia, Eriphile, Doris, Ægina, Euribates, *and Officers.*

*Agam.* Go, *Clytemneſtra*, go, ſecure her Life;
I render you your Daughter, take her hence,
Remove her far, far from this fatal Shore;
*Arcas* commands the Guards that ſhall conduct you:

I have remitted his Offence——This Charge
Demands your Secreſie and Diligence:
Neither the buſie Prieſts, nor yet *Ulyſſes*,
Suſpect our Purpoſes; be ſwift and ſilent,
Conceal her ſo, the Soldiers may believe
That I retain her here——While you alone
Return to *Argos*——Guards, attend the Queen.
[*To Officers waiting.*

*Clyt.* Oh, Sir!

*Iph.* Oh, Royal Father!

*Agam.* No Words, no Thanks; we muſt not part in Form.
Haſte; fly; prevent the ſpeedy Call of *Calchas*;
I'll favour your Eſcape, and feign ſome Reaſons
To make him, for one Day at leaſt, ſuſpend
The fatal Pomp——Farewel——The Gods defend you.
[*Exeunt* Clytemneſtra, Ægina, Euribates, *and Officers at one Door, and* Agamemnon *at the other.*

Eriphile, Doris.

*Eriph.* This, this way. *Doris*, let us follow 'em.

*Doris.* Where would your reſtleſs Paſſion hurry you?

*Eriph.* I'll inſtantly reveal their Flight to *Calchas*:
The Prieſts, the Princes, and the People, all
Shall know their Fraud——What, ſhall ſhe live to hold
*Achilles* in her Arms?——While I deſpair.
Diſtracting Thought! it is not to be born:
Thou know'ſt not half the Torments I endure.
The reſtleſs Stone, the Vultur, and the Wheel,
Whate'er the Damn'd, or the Deſpairing feel,
The ſharpeſt Puniſhments of angry *Jove*,
Are all contain'd at once in jealous Love.

ACT

# ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* Iphigenia *and* Ægina.

*Iph.* AWAY! Return to my diſtracted Mother.
Behold, the mighty Gods will be obey'd,
They vindicate their Claim; didſt thou not ſee
The general Camp in Arms oppoſe our Flight,
While all their glittering Javelins pointed round us
Deny'd a Paſſage, and repuls'd our Guards?
What, ſhall I wait till the licentious Soldiers
Drag their *Unwilling* Victim to the Shrine?
——My Father too—— Alas! tho' Heav'n remits
The fatal Sentence, he demands my Life.

*Ægi.* Your Father! *Iphigenia?*

*Iph.* Yes, the King.
*Achilles* has offended him, and I
Muſt puniſh the brave Prince with my Diſdain;
Thus I am doom'd a double Sacrifice.
He ſent by *Arcas* to explain his Wiſhes,
That I wou'd ne'er receive *Achilles* more,
Or favour with a Word that faithful Lover.

*Ægi.* What, not One Word, One tender laſt Farewel,
E'er the ſharp Steel divides you both for ever?

*Iph.* Ah Cruel Sentence!——Rigorous Command!
The Gods, more gentle, only ask my Life.
Dye then;——Obey;——But ſee, *Ægina*, ſee,
*Achilles* comes—— Support me, or I faint.
[*Reſts on* Ægina's *Arm.*

*Enter* Achilles.

*Achil.* Haſte, *Iphigenia*; Follow me your Guides;
Fear not the Noiſe of thoſe tumultuous Crouds,
Which gather round the Tent in preſſing Swarms;

Appear, and you ſhall ſee thoſe daſtard Troops
Open before our Arms a ready Paſſage.
*Patroclus*, and ſome choſen Leaders, wait
To Execute whate'er Commands I give.
My Troops all watchful, ready to their Arms,
And rang'd beneath their Standards, wait my Orders.
My bold *Theſſalians*, wedg'd in cloſe Array,
The firm Embody'd *Phalanx*, Foot to Foot,
And Target lock'd in Target, ſhall oppoſe
The Barrier of their Ranks invincible.
From that Aſſylum who ſhall dare to Force thee?
—— What! doſt thou only anſwer me with Tears?
Already haſt thou try'd their feeble Aid.
How did they move th' inexorable Father?
What other hope, what help canſt thou expect?
*Iph.* I have no hope, but from that Mortal Blow,
Which will for ever end my Hopes and Fears.
*Achil.* Ceaſe, ceaſe this melancholy Talk of Death.
Think how we are oblig'd; how both engaged:
Oh think, if nothing elſe can move your Heart,
My Happineſs depends upon your Life.
*Iph.* Your Happineſs depends upon my Death.
Conſider yet what Harveſts of full Fame
The Goddeſs *Victory* preſents your Arms;
Thoſe glorious Fields, which your aſpiring Soul,
Impatient for the War, burns to poſſeſs,
Are barren, if not ſprinkled with my Blood:
Such is the Law of Fate; ſo to *Atrides*
The Gods, the People, and the Prieſts proclaim.
—— Farewel, brave Prince; thank thoſe immortal Powers,
Who thus remove that fatal Obſtacle
Which barr'd your Arms, and check'd your riſing Glories.
*Achil.* I'll hold 'em both----My Miſtreſs and my Glory
Divide my Soul----Nor Gods nor Men ſhall part us.
*Iph.* Go, ſignalize this promis'd *Grecian* Hero,
Turn all your Vengeance on your Country's Foes.
*Priam* is pale with Fear, all *Troy* alarm'd,

Shakes

Shakes at my Name----repays your Grief in Blood,
And drops a Citizen for every Tear.
----Tho' Heav'n denies me what of Earthly Bleſſings
My Heart cou'd moſt deſire, to live your Bride,
I ſhall dye ſatisfy'd----when I believe
My Death---the Source of your Immortal Glory,
Will open to the World the Deathleſs Hero.
----Once more Farewel----Farewel, immortal Man,
Worthy the Godlike Race from whence you ſprung.

*Achil.* I cannot, muſt not take this dreadful Farewel.
In vain with artful Words you ſtrive to elude
My tender Love, thus obſtinate to die.
How can my Fame be built upon your Ruin?
Theſe Laurel Harveſts, Honours, Conqueſts, Glories,
Are all preſerv'd in ſaving her I love.
With what Contempt will all the *Grecian* Princes
Regard my Arms, when they behold me ſuffer,
With Coward Tameneſs, this moſt horrid Rape?
My Love, my Glory only live with you:
Truſt to my Guidance, let me guard and lead you
[*Offering to lead her.*

*Iph.* What? ſhall I then Rebel againſt my Father?
I ſhou'd deſerve the Death I ſtrove to ſhun.
Oh where wou'd be that Duty, that Obedience?

*Ach.* 'Tis due to me, your promis'd Lord--YourHusband
I boaſt that glorious Title----*Agamemnon*
Shall never rob me of the ſacred Promiſe.
Canſt thou, ſeverely Dutiful and Juſt,
Refuſe Obedience to thy Father's Will
In this alone; and yet with rigid Piety
Receive his abſolute Commands to die?
[*Takes her Hand.*
----Haſte, the Time flies, my Princeſs; and I fear-----

*Iph. Achilles*, wou'd you force me from my Duty?
Warm'd with the guilty Tranſports of your Love,
You know not how you load my ſuffering Heart.
Away, raſh Man----My Glory and my Honour

Ought to be dearer to you than my Life.
----If this ſeems Cruel, Oh forgive a Wretch
Oblig'd to Laws which all the Juſt obey.
----I have been Guilty but to hear you ſpeak;
Oh carry your unjuſt Succeſs no farther,
Leſt I ſhould fall, ſhou'd bleed by my own Hands,
To free my ſelf from theſe Extremities,
Theſe dangerous Succours which your Love preſents.
*Achil.* 'Tis well!----no more! Obey their bloody Call:
Haſte, ſatisfie your ſtrange Religious Glory.
----Hah! ſince for Human Sacrifice they thirſt,
The Funeral Pyle ſhall float in human Blood
The lying Prieſts ſhall fall the foremoſt Victims:
I'll Sacrifice a Hecatomb of Prieſts.
Their Temple too ſhall flame; the Hive and Drones
Conſume at once.---And while the mingled Blaze
Shoots thro' the Vaulted Dome, I ſhall behold,
My Vengeance full, and riot in Deſtruction.
——What is not lawful to Deſpair and Rage?
And if, amidſt theſe Horrours, theſe Diſorders,
Your Father too ſhou'd periſh in the Croud,
Know 'tis the Effect of your too rigid Duty;
Your obſtinate Obedience ruin'd all [*Exit* Achilles.

Iphigenia *alone.*

*Iph.* My Lord! *Achilles*, Oh Return---He's gone.
Determine, ye juſt Gods, my Life and Fears:
Let all your Vengeance be compleated here.

*Enter* Clyt. Ægina, Euribates, *and Officers as Guards.*

*Clyt.* Yes, I'll oppoſe the World to ſave my Child.
What, Traitors, would you then betray your Queen?
*Eur.* Command us, Madam, you ſhall ſee us die
To prove our Faith---But what can we perform
Againſt thoſe numerous Crouds that pour upon us?

'Tis

'Tis not the Rage of a diſorder'd Rout;
The Camp is all inflam'd with fatal Zeal;
*Calchas* commands, *Calchas* is King in *Aulis*.
*Atrides*, diſpoſſeſs'd of all his Power,
Yields and is born away by the ſwift Torrent.
*Achilles*, tho' Unconquerable, here
Will find the Work too mighty for his Courage.
*Clyt.* Here let 'em point their impious Zeal on me,
Take the Remainder of a wretched Being;
Yet I'll defend her Life, I'll graſp her hard,
And in the Pangs of Death, protect and ſave her.
My ſeparating Soul may leave this Body,
But never part from her----Oh! my dear Child,
[*Seeing her.*
Do I behold again my *Iphigenia*?
*Iph.* What Cruel Planet rul'd my mournful Birth?
Why was I born to aggravate your Sorrows,
And make you feel th' extremity of Woe?
---Yet let us learn with patient Meek Indurance
To bear our Fate----Oh, *Clytemneſtra*, think,
How vainly we contend with Gods and Men.
Would it avail me, to behold my Mother
Left to the Rage of a Rebellious People;
And with unworthy Treatment drag'd about
As a Deſpiſer of the Gods and Juſtice?
Go---let the *Greeks* perform their pious Work?
And leave, for ever leave this bloody Shoar.
My Funeral Pile will ſoon in Flames ariſe;
That dreadful Sight muſt break your tender Heart.
-----But one Word more, the laſt Requeſt I make,
I beg you by your Love--by your Indulgence,
Reproach not my dear Father with my Death.
*Clyt.* What, ſhall I not reproach thy Murtherer?
*Iph.* He gave me to your Fears---the Hand of Heav'n
Stopt his Endeavours, and reſtrain'd our Flight.
*Clyt.* Oh, how the cruel King deceiv'd my Hopes.
*Iph.* He but reſtores the Gods that Life they gave:
Alas! my Death cannot deſerve this Grief.

Your mutual Loves have yet a living Pledge,
*Oreſtes*, young *Oreſtes*, my dear Brother;
Oh, may he prove (not like his hapleſs Siſter)
The Comfort, the Support of all your Sorrows!
[*Shouting within.*
Hark! the loud Peoples Voice impatient call
Their Victim forth—— Farewel——Farewel for ever!
[*Embracing.*
*Euribates*, lead to *Diana*'s Temple. [*Ex.* Iphigenia.
*Clyt.* I'll follow her; unhand me——Yes, we'll die
Together——Wherefore do theſe Traitors ſtop me?
[*Guards advance their Javelins at* Clytemneſtra.
Here, plunge your Jav'lins, ſtrike 'em to my Heart,
And ſatisfie your burning Thirſt of Blood.

*Enter* Ulyſſes.

*Ulyſ.* Where would you run?——Where would your pious Rage
Find its Relief?——Return——and calmy hear
What Comfort your Afflictions may admit.
*Clyt.* Curſe on all Comfort! and on him that brings it.
*Ulyſ* If you would curſe, curſe that malignant Serpent
You nurs'd within your Boſom, falſe *Eriphile*;
*Eriphile*, whom you conducted hither,
Reveal'd your Flight to the whole *Grecian* Army.
*Clyt.* Oh, Monſter! whom *Megæra*, Hell and Night,
Ingender'd to deſtroy my Peace and Comfort.
*Ulyſ.* Your Grief miſtakes its Mercies for its Judgments;
Is not the Glory of the *Grecian* Arms,
Supported by this pious Offering?
*Clyt.* Revenge me War, ye Winds, ye Seas, revenge me!
Oh, puniſh 'em with Plagues, with Fire and Sword!
Make all their Princes Slaves in Foreign Lands,
There let 'em eat the Bread of Care and Sorrow,
And linger out in Chains the Days of Shame!
——And thou, Eternal Orb, who once before
Stopt in thy Courſe, ſhot from the bright Horizon

Thy

Thy riſing Beams, diſdaining to behold
Or light that horrid Banquet of *Thyeſtes*;
Here, here again, the dreadful Son of *Atreus*
Prepares another Feaſt of Blood and Horror.
——Withdraw the Day---Let utter Darkneſs dwell
For ever here, and hide their impious Murther.
But now, ev'n now my Child is crown'd to Dye,
The fatal Garland's wreath'd about her Temples;
Her Father leads her up, the Prieſts receive her.
Merciful Gods! prevent the coming Blow.
Ah! now ſhe bleeds! the fatal Wound is given!
Farewel, Farewel for ever, *Iphigenia*!

[*She ſinks into the Arms of her Attendants, and they bear her off.*

*Ulyſ.* Support her hence; as ſhe revives, *Ægina*,
With gentle Words relieve her heavy Grief——

[*Exeunt.*

Ulyſſes *Alone.*

The People are fermented by the Prieſthood,
And will be ſick 'till they are cur'd with Sacrifice;
The zealous Ideots muſt be curb'd by Zeal.
Our feeble Maids, like Children in the Dark,
Create the very Miſchiefs that we fear.
Suſpicion, Melancholly, black Deſpair
And numerous Ills, which our weak Minds o'erbear,
Are oft the gloomy Fruits of ſuperſtitious Fear.

SCENE

SCENE *the Inſide of a Temple*: *At the Upper End an Altar, the holy Fire burning*, &c. Iphigenia *at the Lower End of the Stage in white, the ſacred Fillet round her Head, adorn'd with Flowers, her Hands bound*: Agamemnon *next his Daughter*: Menelaus, Neſtor, *and* Ulyſſes, *on the ſame ſide. On the other ſide*, Eriphile, Doris, Arcas, *and* Euribates, *Prieſts*; *a Chorus on each ſide the Altar, and* Calchas *behind it.*

CHORUS.

*We Bend*, Diana, *to thy Shrine,*
*Spotleſs Goddeſs*: *Power Divine,*
*All Nature ſhall with us thy Praiſes join.*

CALCHAS.

*You who at the Altar bow,*
*Waiting for the dreadful Blow,*
*The fatal Word ſhall ſoon be heard.*
Diana's *Prieſts, is all prepar'd?*

CHORUS.

*All's prepar'd.*

CALCHAS.

*Hence ye Prophane, far hence be gone*:
*Our ſacred Rites are now begun.*
Diana's *Prieſts, let this be done.*

CHORUS.

*All is done.*

CALCHAS.

*Then let every hallow'd Tongue*
*Aſſiſt us in the ſolemn Song.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Behold*, Diana, *thy Commands we wait;*
*Thy Power is ſhown in* Iphigenia's *Fate.*
*By her untimely Fate, we learn to know*
*Nothing but Death is certain here below.*

[*After the Vocal Muſick, a ſolemn Call by Inſtrumental Muſick to the Altar.* Agamemnon *leads up* Iphigenia, *and as he delivers her to* Calchas, *a ſudden Darkneſs as if the Day were eclips'd; it Thunders and Lightens, and* Calchas *comes forward, and ſpeaks.*

*Cal.* Whence, and what mean thoſe inauſpicious Omens,
Siniſter all, and adverſe to our Vows?
The Planet of the Day withdraws his Beams,
And reddens as he ſinks; while thro' the Gloom
Pale Meteors dart their ſubtile Fires: The Gods
In dreadful Thunder ſpeak; the ſhaking Earth
Is torn with ſtrong Convulſions; Nature trembles.
——Oh, Virgin Goddeſs of fair Chaſtity,
Let us again conſult thy ſacred Oracle.
[*Thunder again.*

*Eri.* Oh *Doris*, a cold Sweat ſtands on my Brow
In Beds of Dew; each tortur'd Sinew ſhakes
With ſudden Horror —— whence this Agony,
Now when my promis'd Hopes are all in view?
Why do they not perform theſe bloody Rites?
How ſlow the Drones proceed —— Now *Doris*, now
*Calchas* comes forward, now my Rival dies ——

*Cal.* Hear, hear, ye *Grecians*; 'tis the Goddeſs ſpeaks,
[*Now the Fire on the Altar ſuddenly breaks into Flame.*
By me ſhe ſpeaks; my labouring Boſom ſwells;
Enthuſiaſtick heat warms every Nerve:
Hear her Commands, and live: thus ſhe declares
Her Will, ſhe thus explains her Oracle——

A Princeſs ſprung from *Helen*'s Blood, by *Theſeus*,
[*Looking ſtedfaſtly on* Eriphile.
Is deſtin'd for the Victim of this Day;
Another *Iphigenia*, whom her Mother
Conceal'd in *Lacedæmon*, here muſt bleed.
I ſaw, I ſaw my ſelf their ſtoln Embraces,
I ſaw the Fruit of their unlawful Loves;
Then I foretold her dreadful Deſtiny.
In vain wer't thou diſguis'd, *Eriphile*,
Under that borrow'd Name; the Rage of Heav'n
With fatal Impulſe drove thee on this Shore.
——Lo, where ſhe ſtands! ſee, ſhe confronts our Eyes!
Seize, ſeize, ye holy Miniſters, the Victim:
[*Two Prieſts offer to ſeize her.*
With pious Zeal approach *Diana*'s Shrine,
And expiate with her Blood the Crimes of *Greece*.

*Eri.* Stand off —— no nearer, as you love your Safety,
Or I ſhall die your whiten'd Robes in Crimſon.
What? ſhall the Blood of Hero's be prophan'd
By vulgar Hands?——No! *thus* I Rob your Altar:
Thus, thus I bleed the Victim of *Achilles*.
The Son of *Thetis* ſtrikes the pointed Steel
Thro' that fond Heart, which only liv'd for him.

*A noiſe of Swords without. Enter* Achilles, Patroclus, *and Officers with Swords drawn.*

*Achil.* Where are theſe pious Murtherers, theſe Prieſts,
That thirſt for Blood, for Blood of Innocents,
And on the Gods impoſe their barbarous Crimes?
Deſtroy, *Patroclus*, cut 'em from the Earth.

*Agam.* Reſtrain your Age---Behold, all gracious Heav'n
Has ſav'd our *Iphigenia*; ſee, ſhe lives. [*Interpoſing.*

*Achil.* Oh my Soul's Joy and Tranſport! do I hold thee
Once more? And ſhall I live to call thee mine?
What interpoſing God redeem'd thy Life?

——What

——What do I ſee? *Eriphile!*——and bleeding!
*Agam.* The Goddeſs has reveal'd her Will by *Calchas*;
*Eriphile*'s the Victim Heav'n demanded.
*Eri.* Take, take Libation from the Royal Veins
Of *Theſeus*——Conſecrate your nuptial Joys
In *Helen*'s Blood——Hah! my Prophetick Soul
Looks downwards——and behold my riſing Vengeance;
I ſee the curſed Houſe of proud *Atrides*
Falls by it ſelf——behold, the King of Kings
Bleeds by the Partner of his Bed and Throne.
Now mad *Oreſtes*, with his Mother's Blood,
Expiates his Mother's Crime——the Gods purſue him.
Haunt him, ye Furies, ſeize his guilty Mind,
Let Love, Deſpair and Love urge him, like me,
To ſeek Relief from inexpreſſive Tortures
In an untimely Grave. [*Dies.*
*Iph.* See, ſee, my Lord, ſhe dies;
Oh hapleſs Maid!
*Men.* Oh virtuous *Iphigenia*!
Her Joys are daſh'd with Sorrow for her Rival.
*Agam.* Oh Prince! oh glorious Youth! this joyful Day,
The Gods have fought the Cauſe of Love and Virtue;
Receive her then from *Agamemnon*'s Hand,
A juſt Reward of the moſt generous Paſſion.
*Achil.* Oh Father! General!——my bounding Heart
Leaps at the Gift, tranſported, and inlarg'd;
May this auguſt Alliance never break,
May we purſue the Paths of virtuous Glory,
'Till our great Acts, like *Theſeus*, *Hercules*,
Or *Caſtor*, Lift the *Grecian* Name to Heav'n.
[*Shouts.*
*Ulyſ.* Hark! the loud Winds are free, the joyful Sailors
Welcome the ſpringing Breeze, and in glad Shouts
Eccho their Thanks——Away, to *Troy*, to *Troy*.
*Agam.* Hence let us learn none can be truly happy,
But they who conſtantly obey the Gods,
Who firm to Virtues Laws, ſtrive to excel

In all her Works, and labour at Perfection.
Oh! Virtue, Daughter of Immortal Love!
Bright Image, Repreſentative of *Jove*;
For thee we pant, to thee with active Fires,
Unclog'd by Fleſh, the lab'ring Soul aſpires;
There ſhe finds Reſt, whatever Lot is given.
A brave Submiſſion raiſes her to Heaven.

4 AP 54

# PROLOGUE.

## Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

*WHILE we, by Verſe, and powerful Numbers, Charm*
*The ſavage Mind, and Paſſion's Rage diſarm;*
*Words are too faint to ſpeak the pleaſing Pain,*
*That ſtrikes the Soul, and pierces every Vein.*
*Letters, by Time and ſlow degrees refin'd,*
*Imbelliſh'd Life; and ſmooth'd the rugged Mind:*
*While yet the World to poliſh'd Arts was new,*
Greece *from the diſtant* Nile *her Learning drew;*
*In time,* Rome's *conquering Eagles proudly bore*
*The* Grecian *Muſes to the* Latian *Shore;*
*From thence they paſs'd the barrier* Alpes, *to ſhine*
*In colder Climates, water'd by the* Rhine:
*In* Britain *next the* Julian *Standards roſe,*
*And we were cultivated firſt by Foes:*
*Where e'er the Tow'ring* Roman *Virtue mov'd,*
*Whate'er their Legions conquer'd, they improv'd.*
*Long has this Iſland been the Muſes Seat,*
*And* Cam *and* Iſis *their belov'd Retreat;*
*Old* Chaucer *whileom tun'd his* Gothick *Chime,*
*And firſt ſubdu'd our ſtubborn Proſe to Rhyme;*
Shakeſpear *and* Spencer *next enrich'd our Tongue;*
*And* Dryden *finiſh'd what they labour'd long.*
*Our* Author *backward looks with grateful Eyes,*
*And on his Fathers Shoulders ſtrives to riſe;*

*Anxious*

# PROLOGUE.

*Anxious to pleaſe, he now revives the Dead,*
*And raiſes* Iphigenia's *mournful Shade;*
*From* Greece, *and* France, *with equal Care and Toil,*
*Tranſplants her to* Britannia's *happy Soil:*
Athenian *Maids, two thouſand Years ago,*
*With weeping Eyes beheld this Virgin's Woe;*
*Attend; and you may drop a generous Tear,*
*Bluſh not that ſuffering Virtue is your Care;*
*Indulge the riſing Sorrows in your Breaſt;*
*'Tis great to Grieve for Innocence diſtreſt.*

EPI-

# EPILOGUE.

## Written by Mr. *CIBBER*, and Spoken by Mrs. *OLDFIELD*.

*CRITICKS, a Truce: 'Tis true, I juſt now dy'd:*
*What then! why now I walk, and ſo you're ſatisfy'd.*
*For Form, I could have meal'd my Face, and choſe*
*In Peals of Thunder through the Stage t'have roſe;*
*But troth! I had rather ſpoil the Jeſt, than dawb my Cloaths.*
*A Hole but two Foot wide! Sure Bays muſt doat!*
*I'm ribb'd with nine wide Whale-bone Yards of Petticoat.*
*Beſide, my own way (take my Word's) as good,*
*I full as well ſhall pleaſe in Fleſh, and Blood:*
*Thus having fairly told you my Condition,*
*I now proceed to open my Commiſſion.*

*Know then, a friendly Shade from Realms below,*
*To you, that live, I'm ſent a* Plenipo,
*To warn both Sexes to reform their Lives,*
*As Lovers, Husbands, Virgins, or as Wives:*
*For, when I tell your Puniſhments reſerv'd,*
*You'll rue the Hour, that e'er from Truth you ſwerv'd.*
*As for Example——*
*W'have got a Prude, you've ſeen that Box adorn,*
*Who with her Lovers Merit rais'd her Scorn,*
*And now (to ſhew to what her Ghoſt is fated)*
*Sh'as nine plump Daughters by the Man ſhe hated.*

*Coquettes, and Beaux immumerable, Swarm;*
*But they (dear Souls!) do very little harm,*

*Living*

# EPILOGUE.

*Living and Dead the ſame; the happy Elves*
*Unrivall'd, ſtill love nothing but themſelves.*
*Juſt as with you, in ten Days after Billing,*
*Bright Goddeſs proves a Fury; Swain a Villain.*
*In every other State we differ far,*
*'Twere endleſs to be ſo particular,*
*Therefore in groſs, 'tis proper you ſhould know,*
*All Vices are revers'd with us below.*

*Young Heirs are Sharpers there; late Sharpers, Cullies;*
*Our Soldiers Stock-job, and our Cits are Bullies.*
*Our Rakes turn Puritans, our Courtiers Quakers,*
*And Aldermen moſt furious Cuckold-makers.*
*Merit's ſo ſure to Thrive in our dark Nation,*
*And to relieve Diſtreſs ſo much the Faſhion,*
*Ev'n States-Mens Hearts are mov'd by ſoft Compaſſion.*
*Our Prieſts are humble, and our Lawyers honeſt,*
*Our Great Men--- pay ſuch Debts--- you'd be Aſtoniſh'd!*

*Poets you'll own much better paſs their Time,*
*For all our Bills of Caſh are drawn in Rime;*
*Each Bard's a Banker there, and Fancy coins*
*Our Standard Bullion in Immortal Lines:*
*But ſince, while here, this Paſſive Author muſt*
*His Muſe's Value to your Judgment truſt,*
*If on Poetick Fame too faſt he draws,*
*Pay him at leaſt Subſiſtance in Applauſe.*

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FINIS.